Vol. XCVII.—No. 1257] JANUARY 18, 1928 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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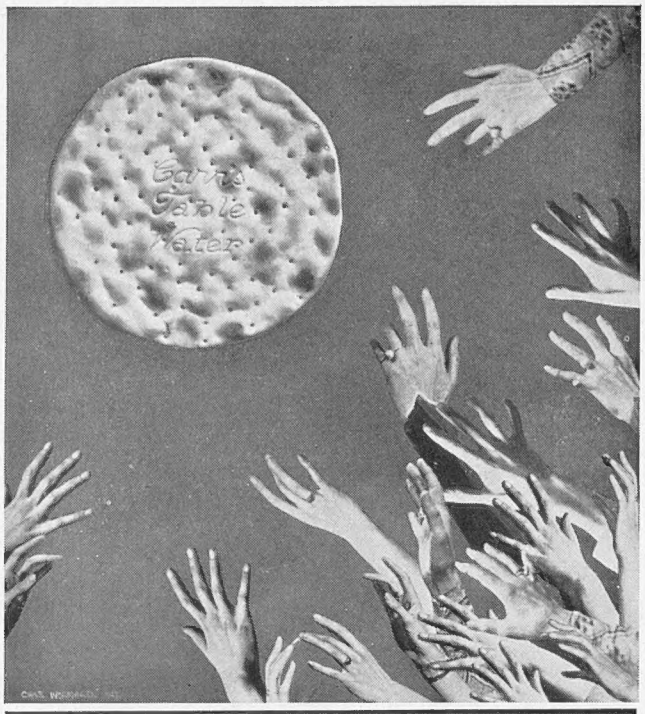

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No. 1257 Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

Angus Faith

THE HONOURABLE ANNE WOOD

The daughter of Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, and of Lady Irwin, who is a débutante of the coming Season Her father was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India in 1926

A January Bride

Janet Jevons

MISS GERTRUDE FREUDENTHAL

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Freudenthal and niece of Sir George Albu, whose marriage to the well-known young painter, M. Paul Bret, son of M. Gustave Bret, Director of the Société Bach in Paris, takes place this month. Her fiancé is holding an exhibition of his paintings in London next April

IN AUSTRALIA *Central News*

A photograph taken at the Federal Government House, Melbourne, during the visit of the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. The group includes, back row: Lt. Leggat, R.N., Capt. Broadhurst, Capt. Curtis, Mr. G. Whishard, Flt.-Lt. Davidson, Mr. Hurley, and Capt. Brass. Front row: Miss Gillett, Mrs. L. S. Amery, the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. S. Bruce, the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, Lady Stonehaven, Mr. L. S. Amery and Miss Feiling

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Princess Mary

It is said that Princess Mary may go to Egypt in the Spring. If this visit does materialise it will be the first time the Princess has been out of Europe in her life, and also only the fourth time she has been out of the country.

Before her marriage Princess Mary went abroad only twice. The first time was in 1912, when she accompanied the Queen upon a week's visit to Her Majesty's aunt, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a sister of the late Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Cambridge, and the last surviving grandchild of George III.

I don't know whether you can die of heart-break when you are ninety-four, but there is no doubt that the War hastened the Grand Duchess's end. She had lived in Germany for seventy-three years, having married the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz when she was twenty-one; yet she was so passionately devoted to her native country that four years before the cataclysm she showed with great pride two rooms in her palace at Neu Strelitz to a friend of your Bystander, because they had been decorated by English workmen. "No German work here, my dear," she said; "all from dear England!" For many years after her marriage the Grand Duchess used to come to London for a part of the Season, having a house at the Buckingham Palace end of Buckingham Gate, overlooking the square of Wellington Barracks. All the world knew it was the grand ducal abode, as it had "Mecklenburg House" in large black letters painted over the doorway.

The War cut the poor Grand Duchess entirely from the England and the English relations

P. and A.

A VISIT OF STATE

King Amanulla of Afghanistan photographed with the King of Italy. This was during his State visit to Rome

Photographs *Hay Wrightson and Topical*

A PRINCE'S BETROTHAL

Prince Chichibu of Japan and Miss Setsu, the daughter of the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, whose engagement has been recently announced. Prince Chichibu is the brother of the Emperor of Japan and Heir Apparent to the Throne. He is a great sportsman, being an exceptionally brilliant skier and skater

Howard and Son

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Capt. Richard Strachey, M.C., 2nd Somerset Light Infantry, and his bride, formerly Miss Zoe Formby, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Formby, of the Manor House, Shipton, Andover

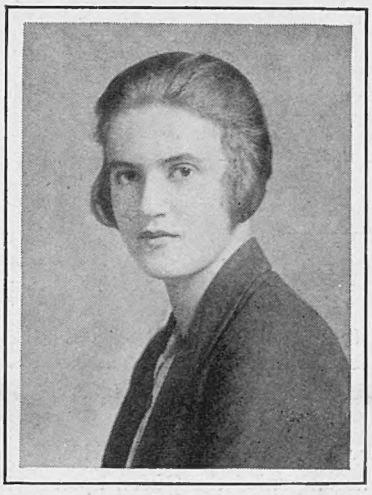
she loved. She died practically alone. I have been told that one of the last papers signed by her, when all the forces of Germany were ranged against her native country, was signed thus: "Augusta, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland"; and that the last line denoting her English rank was in letters twice as big as the others!

Even if there were still reigning Sovereigns in the German States, there would be no Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Last Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess's grandson, shot himself in February, 1918, on the banks of Lake Buerger, quite close to the palace at Neu Strelitz.

Hay Wrightson

MISS LETTICE ST. MAUR

Who is to marry Major Richard Louden McCreery, M.B.E., M.C., of the 12th Royal Lancers. She is the second daughter of the late Lord Percy St. Maur



M. Lewis

MISS YOLANDE PEPYS

The second daughter of the Hon. Everard Pepys. Her fiancé is Mr. Reginald Turnor

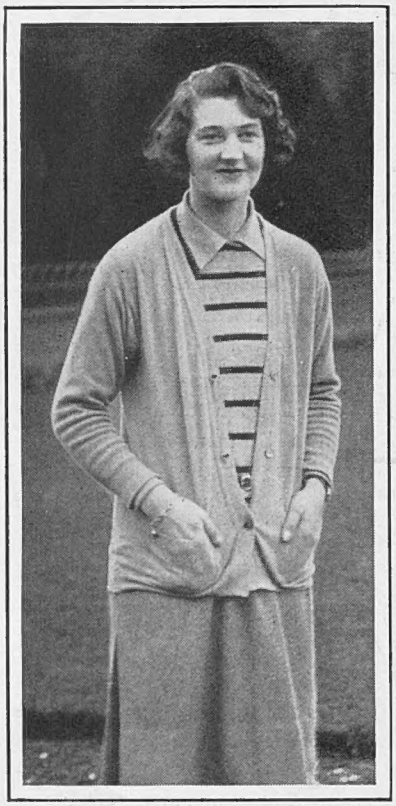
Central News

A SERVICE WEDDING

Commander Malcolm Spreckley, R.N., of H.M.S. Frobisher, and his bride, Miss Joanna Allen, youngest daughter of the Rt. Hon. C. P. Allen and Mrs. Allen, leading St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding. Commander Spreckley recently returned from duty on the China Station

War and Honeymoon

PRINCESS MARY'S second trip abroad was during the War, when she accompanied the King and Queen on one of their heartening visits to the troops. Her third acquaintance with the Continent was during her honey-



A FEBRUARY BRIDE *L.N.A.*

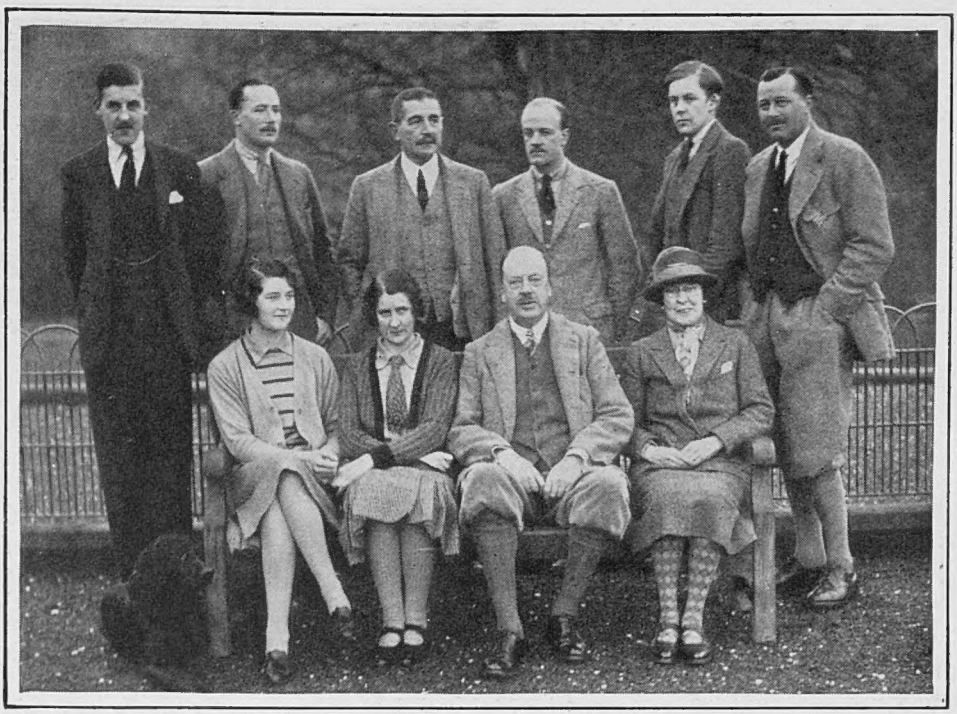
Lady Kathleen Crichton, engaged to the Marquess of Hamilton. The wedding will take place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on February 9

AT THE RECEPTION *Bassano*

Mr. Walter Woolland and his bride, Miss Valerie Cory, photographed after their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens. Apart from the bride and bridegroom, the group shows the best man, Mr. Herbert Scott, the bridesmaids, the Misses Diana, Doreen, Rosalie and Carmen Cory, Mary Woolland, Tina Biggs, Kathleen Thornley, Eira Richards, and Marcelle and Doreen Box, and the pages, Master David Fyfe-Jamieson, and Master Peter Knight

RACING AT TENBY *Alfieri*

Miss M. F. Cantrell-Hubberaty photographed at the recently held Tenby Steeplechases with her horse, Fire Cracker. He was the winner of the Lawrenny Steeplechase



IN IRELAND *L.N.A.*

A photograph of the recent house-party at Baron's Court, Co. Tyrone, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. Back row: the Marquess of Hamilton (left), Capt. R. O. R. Kenyon Slaney, Capt. B. Gosselin, Capt. the Hon. W. S. Alexander, Lord Claud Hamilton, and Capt. the Hon. Charles Mulholland. Front row: Lady Kathleen Crichton (left), Lady Katharine Hamilton, and the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn

moon, when she and Lord Lascelles went to the Villa Medici at Florence, a delightful old villa on the Fiesole Hill belonging to Lord Lascelles's cousin, then Lady Sybil Scott, the Earl of Desart's younger daughter. Lady Sybil is one of the few Englishwomen of "high rank and station" —the Russian Bolshevists would chop your head off if you just as much breathed the words—who have married Americans. Her first husband, Mr. William Bayard Cutting, was in the American Diplomatic Service. Eight years after his death she married Mr. Geoffrey Scott, who was in the English Diplomatic Service. This marriage has been dissolved, and Lady Sybil, as I understand, now wishes to be styled by the name of her first husband, the former Secretary to the American Embassy.

A CHESHIRE HOUSE-PARTY *British Illus.*

A group of Brig.-Gen. Sir William Bromley-Davenport's house-party at Capesthorne Hall, Cheshire. Back row: Capt. the Hon. Richard Norton (left), the Hon. Christopher Lowther, Mr. Walter Bromley-Davenport, Lord Brownlow, and Capt. Bull. Front row: the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Lowther, Miss Leigh, Sir William Bromley-Davenport, Lady Brownlow, and Lady Kinloch

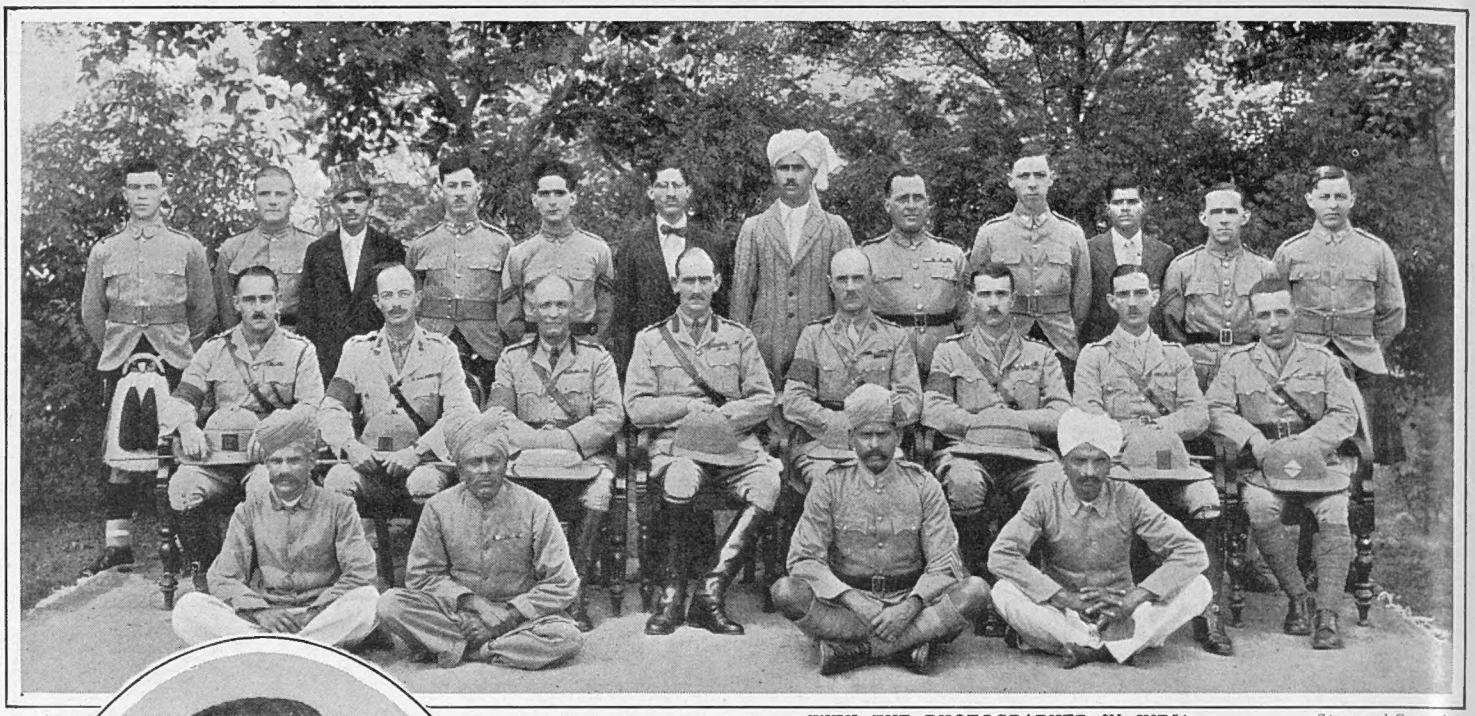
A Brilliant Ball

THE PRINCE OF WALES and Prince Henry made a special journey down to Melton Mowbray to attend the ball given by Viscount and Viscountess Furness at Burrough Court. Dancing took place in the big ballroom, which was built under Lord Furness's own direction, and I hear the affair was the most brilliant function of a season which snow, frost, and foot-and-mouth disease have so far made rather sorrowful so far as hunting is concerned. All the chief followers of the Quorn, the Belvoir and Cottesmore were there.

Three years ago Lord Furness and his mother, Jane Lady Furness, sold Grantley Hall, which was their joint property in Yorkshire. Since then Lord Furness has made his country homes at Affaric, in Scotland, and at

OUT WITH THE BICESTER *Alfieri*

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Beckwith Smith photographed at a recent meet of the Bicester. This took place at Stratton Audley



WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN INDIA *Sport and General*

A photograph taken of the Headquarters Staff of the Delhi (Independent) Brigade Area at Delhi. The group shows, seated: Capt. N. O. Willis, Staff Captain (left), Major H. G. Payne, M.C., C.R.E., Colonel C. H. Morrison, I.M.S., A.D.M.S., Colonel Commandant H. Barstow, C.B.E., Brigade Area Com., Lieut.-Colonel H. Parsons-Smith, I.A.S.C., D.A.D., S. & T., Capt. T. M. Laying, M.B.E., M.C., Brigade Major, Capt. D. A. Gillmore, R.A.V.C., and Lieut. A. O. Stortt, M.C., Area Education Officer

A FAMOUS COMPOSER

Johann Strauss, whose waltz compositions are world famous, was heard in the West End recently. Last Sunday he appeared with his orchestra at a special concert at the May Fair Hotel

Burrough Court. Jane Lady Furness has Hemels Park, in Hertfordshire, a house with an interesting history. Early in the nineteenth century it belonged to a Miss Melhuish, a great heiress of the time. She was wooed by a Mr. Villiers, a relation of the then Earl of Clarendon, and who lived to be the "Father of the House of Commons." The heiress accused him of being a fortune-hunter. It is said she was only joking, but Villiers took the matter so seriously that he wooed the lady no more. When she died Miss Melhuish left him Hemels Park. It has changed hands several times since then.

Lord Furness is one of the richest men in the country. His father founded the vast Furness Withy shipping business. Nine years ago, when Lord Furness and other members of the family sold their shares in these shipping lines, the price paid was said to be in the region of six million pounds. Lady Furness, who is Lord Furness's second wife, was a charming American widow, Mrs. Converse, and a sister of Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

A Début

CONSIDERABLE interest is being taken in the *début* as a violinist of Miss Audrey Cook, the sister of the Countess of Minto and the Countess of Haddington, and the daughter of Mr. J. W. Cook of Montreal. Miss Cook is a violinist of unusual talent, but so far she has not appeared in public. Her bow to her first public audience will be made in Paris some time during the present month.

The Earl of Minto was twenty-three when he succeeded his father, who had been Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, and by a curious coincidence the Earl of Haddington was the same age when he succeeded his grandfather, the eleventh earl. Lord Minto was thirty when he married Miss Marion Cook of Montreal, and Lord Haddington, a year younger when he married her sister, Miss Sarah Cook, whose acquaintance he had made whilst on the Governor-General's staff in Canada.

L.N.A.

AT THE CHURCH

Mr. Victor Lack, F.R.C.S., and Miss Beatrice Snell after their wedding at All Souls Church, Langham Place. The bride is a noted pianist

A New Tenant for Chandos House

I HEAR that Sir Gomer Berry, one of the baronets in the New Year's Honours, has taken Chandos House, at the corner of Queen Anne Street and Mansfield Street. It is one of the few untouched Adam houses left in London, and was built over a hundred and fifty years ago for the then Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, hence its name.

For many years in our day and generation the house was a centre of hospitality under Cora Countess of Strafford, who when she married the fourth Earl of Strafford as his second wife was the widow of the immensely wealthy American, Mr. S. Colgate. Some years ago Cora Lady Strafford disposed of Chandos House to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and it was the scene of the coming-out festivities for his two elder daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Dorothea Ashley. Cora Lady Strafford migrated to Grosvenor Square, where she has as neighbours the Marquess of Bath and Lord Leigh.

Chandos House, which is admirably arranged for entertaining, is, I hear, being thoroughly renovated from top to bottom by experts. Sir Gomer Berry's brother, Sir William Berry, has a house in Seamore Place, next door to the one left by the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild to Almina Countess of Carnarvon, from which so many treasures were sold at the famous sale at Christie's.

Sport and General

AMAZONS OF THE SNOW

Miss Crewdson (left), Miss Sale-Barker, and Miss Doreen Elliott, three of the competitors for the Lady Mabel Lunn Ski Cup at Mürren. It was won by Miss Sale-Barker

The Iveagh Pictures

It is only when you see the sixty-three pictures bequeathed to the nation by the late Earl of Iveagh hanging on the walls of the Royal Academy that you realise the munificence, the superb generosity of the gift. Only an expert could compute the value of the Reynolds, Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, and the Dutch pictures. When the collection is housed, as Lord Iveagh directed, at Ken Wood we shall have there some of the finest examples of the English eighteenth-century school of painting. The Gainsborough "Countess of Howe" is a regal portrait, and there are two delightful Romneys. One of these shows that vivid personality who figured so largely in the earliest days of the nineteenth century, Lady Hamilton to wit, sitting at a spinning-wheel, and the other shows the Countess of Albemarle and her son. Most of the Reynolds pictures are of children, and looking at them one realises in what a wonderful way the artist was able to convey the spirit of youth from his young sitters to the canvas. There is one picture by Gainsborough, "Two Shepherd Boys with Dogs Fighting," which will attract crowds by its reality. The hair of the dogs positively bristles with ferocity. It is a work of a strength one has not associated with Gainsborough. Amongst the collection is one of the finest pictures Turner ever painted, "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather." In this picture you can positively see the wind sweeping over the sea.

IN SWITZERLAND

Some notabilities caught by the camera holiday making in the snow

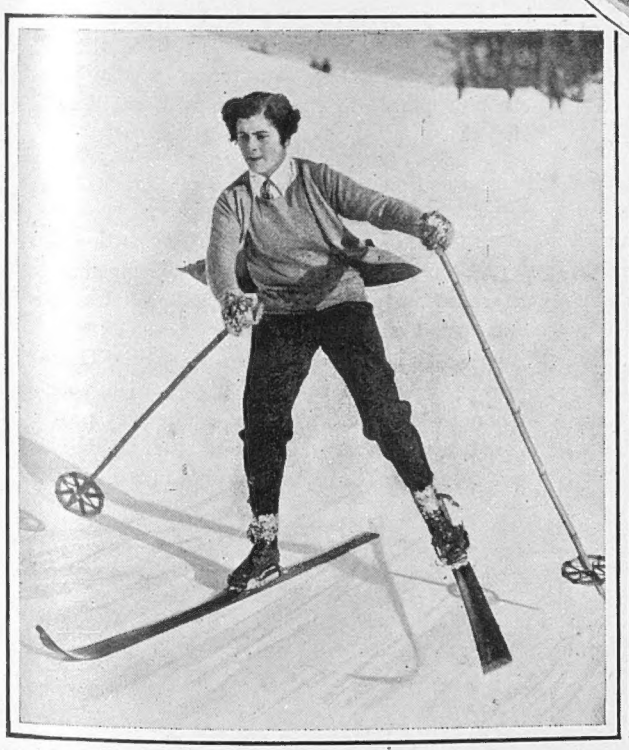
ON THE ICE *Keystone*

The Queen of the Belgians receiving instruction on the rink at St. Moritz. Her instructor is Phil Taylor, the skating professional

Sport and General

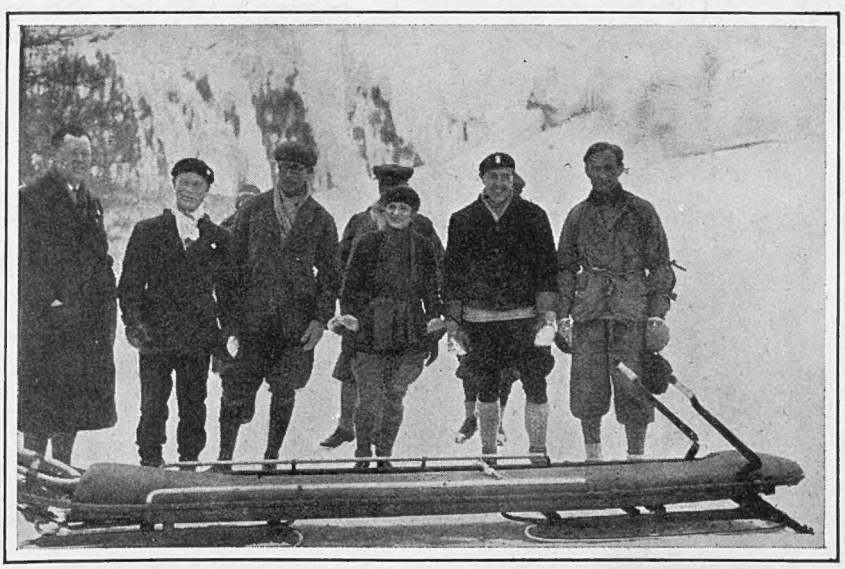
READY FOR ACTION

The Ranee of Pudukota setting out on skis for a run at St. Moritz. With her is her son



FAR FROM THE CENTRE COURT *P. and A.*

Señorita de Alvarez is not only a champion lawn tennis player, but is also a keen golfer and a skilful motorist. She is seen above busily acquiring a new accomplishment at St. Moritz



BEFORE THE RUN *Sport and General*

Mr. Martineau (left), Mr. Warwick Wright, the King of the Belgians, Mrs. Warwick Wright, Mr. Dudley Delavigne, and Lord Northesk. The photograph was taken before His Majesty made his first bob-run at St. Moritz

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Honours and Glory

I PROPOSE to take my stand on the side of those ladies who argue that women are not fairly treated in the matter of Honours awarded for public service. It has always seemed ridiculous to me that the wife of a distinguished man is announced at a reception as Lady Blank, whereas a woman distinguished by her own achievement can never hope to hear herself so described.

Stick to it, Girls!

I HOPE the ladies will persist in their campaign, because I feel that right and justice are on their side. If I were a woman I would hate to be dependent on my husband for a little thing like a title, and it would be wasting time to remind me that it was always possible for me to become a Dame on my own initiative, because I would hate to be a Dame. If men have become Knights at twenty-five, why shouldn't a girl become a Dame at the same age? And if the authorities could induce a girl in her twenties to accept the Ancient Order of Damehood, they are cleverer than I take them to be.

Dora the Damned!

THERE is a mystery about this Dora business that entirely defeats me. During the past three years I have met no single man who has a word to say for these damnable restrictions, and yet they persist. Why? You have only to mention Dora in a public place of entertainment to raise a gust of laughter. You have only to mention her in a newspaper to get a sack of letters. We are all sick to death of her, and yet she goes on making our lives a perfect misery. Why?

A Modern Frankenstein

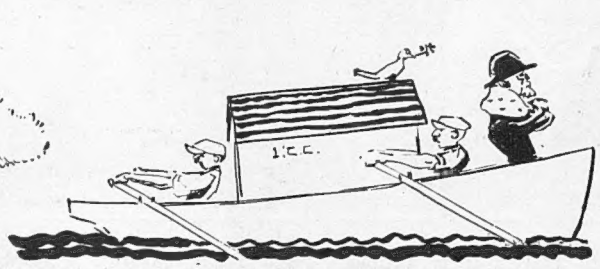
DOES it mean that when we appoint officials to serve us we also create a Frankenstein to rule us? Have we ceased to be masters in our own house? Have we placed ourselves at the mercy of a set of cynical bureaucrats who are laughing at us up their sleeves? If this is the case I fancy the next General Election will be rather more amusing than usual. We may yet live to see guys burned in public places, and many distinguished politicians may retire suddenly into that private life for which they are best suited. We have no use for Members who are afraid of permanent civil servants.

Automatic Competition

IN some vague way it has been suggested that Dora is the Charter of Freedom of the Shop Assistant and the Small Shopkeeper. Let us examine this. No large shop, I imagine, has ever wanted to keep open after the hour of six. Indeed, I remember Mr. Selfridge keeping open for an extra hour in order that other assistants might inspect his fine premises. And as for the small tobacconist and confectioner—is it in their interests that these large automatic machines are now placed in the doorways of multiple shops?

Petty Criminals

ONLY yesterday I wanted a half bottle of Cointreau. The assistant told me that he could sell me two half bottles, but not one. As I was turning away, he said: "I suppose you're not a police officer:" This meant, of course, that, having failed to sell me more drink than I needed, he was prepared to consider the original proposition, but I had no desire to languish in a damp,



dark cell. Like all silly regulations that offend the public conscience, Dora is creating a class of petty criminals, and Justice is becoming a laughing-stock. Let us finish with it!

Their Crowning Glory

A MAN who professes to see danger in Leap Year wishes he were a Belgian, so that he could camouflage his charms with a beard. In which case he feels that he would be as safe from designing females as the Rock of Gibraltar. But is this the case? I had always understood that the ladies were rather attracted by a beard. I know a musician and an artist, both bearded, like the pard, of whom it might be said that their crowning glory is their hair. Young women sit at their feet and gaze at them with ox-eyed adoration. They are little short of a public menace. In moments of depression I have often thought of growing a beard myself.

Eton's Playing Fields

A CYNICAL scribe, commenting on the Thames floods, suggests that the authorities may move when it is known that the Eton playing fields have been under water. But why this cynicism? Haven't we been told for a century that England's greatest victories have been won on Eton's playing fields, and how can we continue to win those victories if the playing fields of Eton are under water? I hope, quite seriously, that Mr. Somerville, the Member for the Windsor division, who was for nearly forty years an assistant master at Eton, will see that it doesn't happen again.

By David Wilson

A JANUARY SALE—"RETIRING FROM BUSINESS" (?)

Missing Notes

WHAT happens about all the Treasury notes that are burned or lost during the year? During a recent gale a sum of £900 was blown away, and forty pound notes were still missing at the time of writing. Since the introduction of paper currency there must be large sums not accounted for, and it would be interesting to know to what extent the Exchequer is the gainer in this respect. I believe you can recover on lost Treasury notes if you know their numbers, but how many unfortunates could supply this information?

Are You an Artist?

AS the posters bring quite a satisfying form of art into the lives of the millions, so the camera has made it possible for the man in the street to become an artist on his own account. You might not think this after looking through the bunch of snapshots that your old friend Brown shoved under your nose at lunch yesterday, but if you glance through the latest volume of "Photograms of the Year" you are forced to admit that the possibilities of the camera are endless. And if one man can produce the equivalent of an Academy picture with the aid of a negative—why shouldn't you?

Frederick the Great

WHEN the new musical play comes to Daly's it is almost certain that Frederick Lonsdale will have three shows running in the West End. Having just paid return visits to *The High Road* and *On Approval*, I am inclined to congratulate the West End on its good fortune. There was a danger at one time that Lonsdale's great gift for modern comedy might be confused by the unthinking with the less worthy dramatic fare enjoying a vogue at the time when he was getting into his stride, but this danger has been averted, and he now stands alone as our greatest writer of drawing-room comedy since—since—I cannot think of anyone quite so good at the moment.

Solemn Thoughts

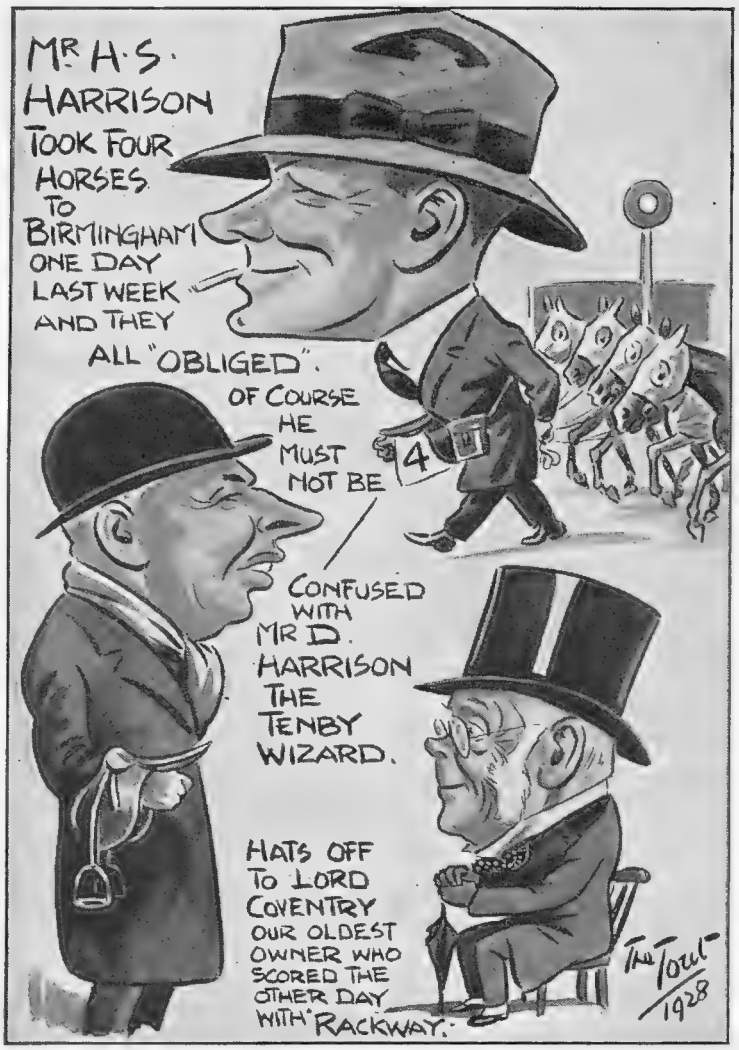
THE passing of Signorinetta, the wonderful mare that won the Derby and the Oaks in 1908, reminds us of two things. We are all a lot older than we thought we were, for twenty years is a long time as the crow flies. Also, we have got to get busy if we want to pick a 100 to 1 winner for this year's Derby. These be solemn thoughts, my masters!

Famous Victorians

WE are always being told in the obituaries of famous men that they are the last of this or that notable lineage, epoch, or race. The last of the famous actor-managers; the last of the great Bohemians—the last of the Victorians. This will have been said of the late Thomas Hardy and, I suppose, in a measure that it is true, though the flaw in the generality will be obvious for some years to come. The other evening I was listening to a brilliant speech by the very-much-alive Augustine Birrell, and even more recently I had the great pleasure of dining with that other gay veteran, Aloysius Horn—both Victorians if I mistake not.

Winter Sports

THE Season in Switzerland is now at its height, and all the big centres are packed with visitors from all corners of the globe. Therefore our next issue will contain, in addition to all the usual features, a number of pages in colour and black-and-white specially devoted to Winter Sports subjects.



By "The Tout"

A PICTORIAL TREBLE FROM THE COURSE

Mr. H. S. Harrison trains at Bangor-on-Dee, and his stable is bang in form just now. Mr. D. Harrison, who used to ride as an amateur under the name of "Mr. Dere," lives and trains at Tenby, and is the life and soul of the Tenby meetings, the latest of which took place recently. Lord Coventry, who is the Turf's oldest living owner, won the National sixty-five years ago

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Lincoln

STUDENTS of form are already hard at work with the Lincolnshire Handicap. They are endeavouring to spot any flaws which Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby may have made in his compilation. Whether this horse or that has a pull in the weights on last season's form is now yeing discussed. It appears to me, however, that the first problem for backers is to make sure of the intentions of those stables which have more than one representative in the race. To anticipate owners' plans is always dangerous for those who are lacking in what is called inside information. My advice is to wait until within a few days of the race before having a bet. By this procedure you may get the worst of the odds, but it is surely better to have a certain runner than to speculate blindly at this early stage.

Last Year's Winner

I DO not suppose Mr. J. B. Joel and his trainer could tell you yet whether Priory Park or Philammon is the better horse at the weights they are set to carry in the Lincoln. In the former's favour is the fact that he is already a winner over the course, but he is to concede 21lb. to his stable companion, and I shall not be a bit surprised if that is considered too severe a task for him. One of the troubles with Priory Park is that he is a lazy customer at home. In other words, he is a better horse on the racecourse than he is in his gallops on the Wiltshire Downs. Last year, for instance, he did nothing in his preparation for the Lincolnshire Handicap which inspired Charles Peck with real confidence, the result being that his owner did not indulge in a substantial bet and the horse started at forlorn odds. I made a favourable note of Philammon on several occasions last season and I imagine that he will be a profitable colt to follow. Whether he can be got fit for the first week of the campaign is a point which I cannot attempt to decide at present.

Fohanaun's Chance

EVERY year we have to reckon with Mr. Solly Joel's horses in the Lincolnshire. This time the issue, so far as his stable is concerned, is complicated by the presence of no fewer than four horses. I am, however, strongly inclined to the view that Fohanaun will prove the pick of this establishment. I know he was very much fancied for the race last season until a mishap in training necessitated his withdrawal. If we are to go by the running in the Stewards' Cup, Fohanaun is by no means well handicapped with Priory Park, but I assume the handicapper is under the impression that the former will be better suited by the Lincoln mile than he was by the shorter course at Goodwood. In some of his races Fohanaun has shown himself to be a slow beginner, and those who back him for the Lincoln will have to accept this risk.

Orbindos

ORBINDOS should beat Priory Park on their running in this race last spring, for he has an allowance of 3lb. for the head which divided them on that occasion. But the probability is that Orbindos has made the greater improvement since then, and I expect to find him a well-fancied competitor again. We may be sure that the bookmakers will not take any liberties with him in the ante-post betting. I assume the North Country colt, The Mohawk, will be one of the strongest orders for the race as soon as the betting settles down. He has exhibited unusual versatility, scoring last season over a six-furlong course at Liverpool (which means that he possesses plenty of speed), winning the Scottish Derby over a mile and a half, and carrying off a handicap at Newcastle over nine furlongs.

A Northern Colt

THERE is not the slightest reason to suppose that he will not be well suited by the Lincoln mile, and as he is nicely weighted at 7st. 13lb., it is practically certain that special efforts will be made to get him ready for the race. A point worth noting is that as a two-year-old The Mohawk displayed winning form in the first few weeks of the season, while last year he won at Liverpool in the opening week. This suggests that Charles Elsey will not have much difficulty in getting him into fighting trim for the Lincoln. If the prize is to be won by a filly Fancy Free may do the trick. She has not been badly treated by the handicapper, and I imagine that a mile is about her best distance. There has, however, always been a prejudice against performers of this sex in the Lincoln, though we saw a mare bring off a surprising victory in the race five years ago.

One of the Lightweights

AMONG the lightweights I shall expect to hear something in due course about Chichester Cross. In several races this colt, who is a half-brother to Priory Park, has shown an excellent turn of speed, but he has not yet managed to work his way into the first three, and I doubt whether we shall see him at his best until a professional trainer takes him in hand. Mr. Charles Howard, the Chichester butcher, devotes himself to the task of training Chichester Cross in his spare time, and in these circumstances it is not unreasonable to assume that the colt has scarcely had a fair chance. I believe one or two offers to purchase him have been made, and one of these days we shall find that he has gone into an important stable.

Old Orkney

IT is interesting to observe that Old Orkney has been rated with considerable respect in the Spring Cup at Liverpool. This is scarcely surprising in view of his comfortable success in the Manchester November Handicap, to say nothing of the style in which he had previously won various races in his own country, including the Irish Cesarewitch. It may be doubted whether we yet realise quite what a good 'un this horse is. When I saw him at Manchester it struck me that he was not quite the sort who would do well in the early days of the season. I am wondering how long his Irish owner will retain possession of this good colt.

"The Sticks" and Those Who Crossed Them at Gatwick

AT THE WATER JUMP *I.B.*

The field taking the water jump during the Clayton Selling Handicap—the first event on the card. The winner, Mr. B. Fitch's Perhaps No (H. Hannon up), is seen in the centre

Photographs WELL TOGETHER

A photograph taken at the first jump during the running of the Horley Selling Hurdle, won by Mr. G. A. Butchers's Zarane. The winner started at 11 to 10 against

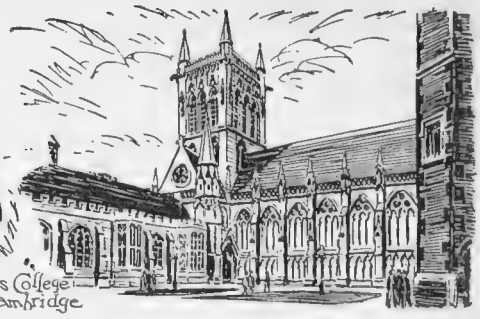
GOING ALL OUT *Sport and General*

An incident during the running of the Purley Handicap Steeplechase on the first day of the Gatwick Meeting. Canopus, the winner (T. James up), is seen on the left. The owner is Mrs. D'Arcy Barker

AN AMATEUR EVENT *Central Press*

Three of the field in the Amateur Riders' Handicap Steeplechase taking the first jump. The race proved an unexpected victory for Rare Sort (Mr. Thrale up), which won the event for Mr. R. Gore at the nice price of 10 to 1

VARSITY NOTES



OXFORD

A FEW years ago, in our Eton collars, we were learning by heart that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." To-day we are realising with peculiar sharpness that Varsity terms are sweet, but those unbegun are sweeter. If the world's greatest victories are won in the mind, the term's greatest victories are won there also, and won before the term starts. I, myself, have in my head the plot of The Perfect Term. I have got it all mapped out. Instead of reporting the doings of others for your benefit, my dear Bystanders, I am now going to do the doings myself. Where before I read of others winning prizes, I shall now trouser them myself, and I will present a portion of my winnings to any Bystander who will translate my Oxford letters, in consequence of steady and unwearying demand, for the Peking and Canton Daily. Where before I recorded the goals that others kicked, I shall now put myself in the happy position of recording my own. And you will soon see me at your local cinema, my hair becomingly dishevelled, and the two sweetest patches of mud on my knees, with the long-suffering ball in one hand and the hand of a bishop or mayor in the other. In short, Ivor Novello in "Down Hill" will be as out of date as Christmas pudding.

Nor do I see any reason why rowing should not be catalogued among my scalps. Did not Ouida once put it on record that "all in the boat rowed swiftly, but none so swiftly as seven." Well, we are seven. And I am using the royal plural. My only doubt is to whether I should cut a better figure in the boat or bicycling up the towpath telling others what they are doing wrong. For that job, of course, I should want a megaphone. But perhaps Miss Edith Sitwell would lend me hers.

In a word, I am going to be a bit of a recording angel, and with luck I should certainly be the first angel to record my own doings. Or do the diaries of seventeenth and eighteenth century angels exist already? One can't tell till one has looked round thatte olde booke shoppe in Riceyman Steps, can one, Mr. Arnold Bennett, you who read five English and two French newspapers daily?

Yes, there's no doubt that the best part of the term is the part you spend in making your own version of it. Because, for one thing, it's a one-man show. One writes the captions and takes the close-ups and designs the costumes and arranges all the situations. And all for what? Not for Hecuba; nor even for Sybil Thorndike, who is the same thing. But for you, my dear Bystanders, for you. Your own correspondent is going to be worthy of you. He is going to be not only a correspondent, but a participant—see? You are going to get letters from inside the lines, by pigeon post, and all the rest of it. But I must be given some pigeons first. And unless a pair turn up at the office by next Tuesday you will look in vain for any news of me. And I can't believe you will let pigeons stand in your way. Not while pigeons still grow tails and Mr. Cerebos still grows salt. But I must stop now, or you will think I am an agent of Mr. C., instead of being

Yours truly,

JINGO.

BY MAC

TWO NOTABLE OXFORD GOLFERS

M. R. Kittermaster (left), of Queen's College, and R. H. Baugh, of Wadham. R. H. Baugh hails from the U.S.A.

R. S. Crisp

E. G. TAYLOR

The Oxford and Scottish International wing-threequarter. He is next season's Oxford Rugger Captain

BY MAC

THE O.U.B.C. OFFICIALS

T. W. Shaw (left), the Oxford Rowing President, and A. M. Hankin, the Secretary. With the Boat Race getting near, they may be described as "two minds with but a single thought"

CAMBRIDGE

All honour to Mr. Ronald S. Russell, of Hampstead, for his seasonable letter on the Cambridge train service in *The Times* last week. *The Times*, alas! was busy with the new Prayer Book, and it had to be pressed into the "Points from Letters," along with the usual wafflings of pedestrians, income-tax payers and Continental travellers. But none the less, that letter brought malicious comfort to many a poor Cambridge lad about to hit the long trail from Liverpool Street.

Undergraduates being what they are, I have never been able to understand why there has not been more noise made about our train service to London. Of course, in the old days of the Great Eastern it was different. One couldn't be cross with a railway with such nice blue engines. But one has less compassion for such an obviously businesslike, efficient, no-nonsense-about-us affair like the L.N.E.R.

Nowadays the L.N.E.R. treats us rough. A slight examination of Mr. Bradshaw's excellent publication will convince you that nowadays there is at least one advantage in going to Oxford and not to Cambridge—you do get a reasonable train service. Presumably through the discretion of Providence, Oxford is some eight miles further from London than Cambridge is. And yet you will find that the fastest regular train to Oxford is eight minutes *faster* than the fastest regular train to Cambridge, although you could hardly suggest that sane men are more eager to get to Oxford than to Cambridge. As Mr. Ronald S. Russell so prettily said in *The Times*, "why should Oxford be thus favoured while Cambridge has to put up with this Early Victorian rate of travelling?"

Of course, from the academic point of view, there are disadvantages in good trains. There must have been heart-burnings a few years ago in the donnish world at Oxford when, thanks to the good offices of the G.W.R., a certain oarsman succeeded in keeping a University term and a London job at one and the same time. He had been spare man in the crew, and, having been called on to row long after the eleventh hour had struck, "missed his term." So he kept one extra by sleeping as an Oxford undergraduate and living as one of the world's workers.

However, let us leave Oxford to itself again, and observe with regret that it is on the Sabbath that the L.N.E.R. most dangerously provokes the hot-tempered Cantab. Suppose that you have been spending a restful week-end in the Big City, and as an industrious young man you wish to keep your Monday morning lectures. The only evening trains are the 6.50 and the 9.12, the first taking 124 minutes and the second 134. And this for a journey of 55 miles!

I can only suppose that we have not so far worried very much about our London train service, because our L.M.S. service to Bletchley and Oxford has long made trains a joke in Cambridge. (You may remember that a year ago four desperate Johnians decided to walk to Oxford, and they are said to have beaten the train by a short truck length.) Also, we have not yet got over the spiteful conduct of the University authorities ninety years ago when they insisted on having the station put lying about several miles outside the town. And, anyway, we don't suppose that that great railway, which has just reunited five thousand undergraduates to their Alma Mater, worries very much what we say about it.

RAB.

By Mac

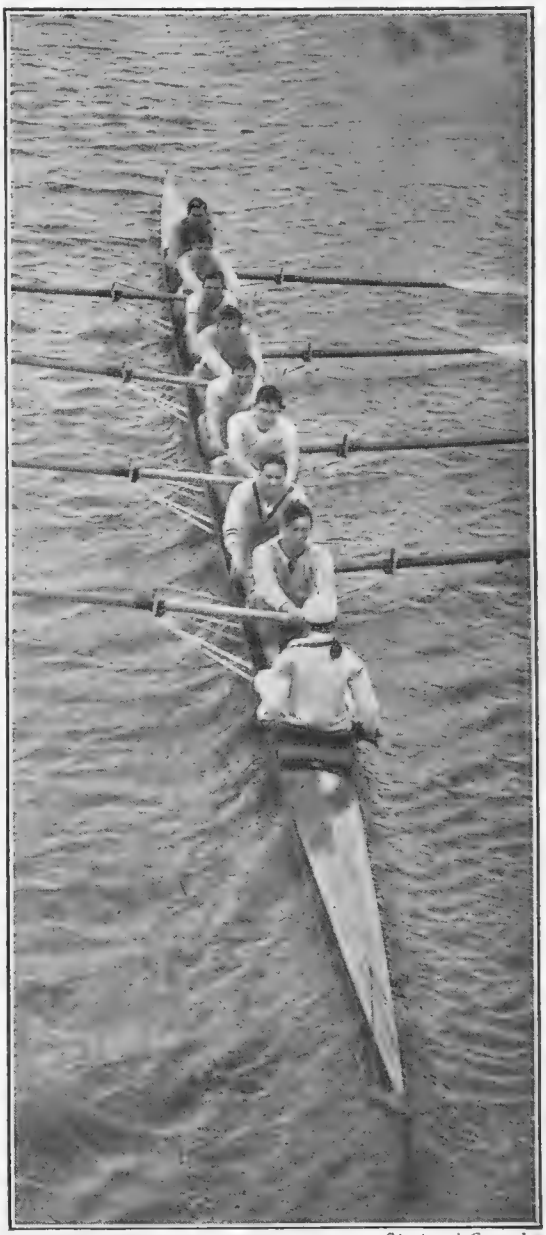
A NEW CAMBRIDGE SKIPPER

G. Illingworth, of Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been appointed the new Cambridge Golf Captain

L.N.A.

RUGGER AT RICHMOND

A St. John's College, Cambridge, man photographed evading a tackle in the recent match between "John's" and Rosslyn Park at Richmond. The visitors won by 19 points to nil



Sport and General

GETTING UNDER WAY

The Cambridge Eight photographed on the Cam during a recent practice. The crew has now settled down to strenuous training for the Boat Race

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

ONE OF THE BEST

By PENDARVES

THE greatest crowd that has ever been seen at Twickenham: the ground in perfect condition: both sides keyed up to the "do or die" pitch: both sides, almost man for man, playing the game of their lives: anybody's game to within a few minutes of the tense end: surely the England and New South Wales match was one of the best any of us had ever seen? As good even as when Scotland played them, which game most of us, alas, had not seen.

It so often happens in Internationals that England loses because there is something she ought to be doing and does not. Or that she wins because she is markedly superior to her opponent in some particular branch of the tactics. There was nothing of that sort about this great International game. On the contrary, what delighted everyone was that in the frenzied passing of those eighty minutes of play they saw England put up an almost ideal show; namely, she attacked superbly in the first half and secured a substantial lead; and equally splendidly did she defend her line all through the second half, retaining sufficient of what she had gained to enable her to emerge convincingly the better side and thoroughly deserving the difference between the two scores—18-11: and these, I believe, are the ethics of the game they call Rugby.

I never quite understood why this England XV was dubbed "an experimental side," seeing that ten of the fifteen players had already been capped and that eight of those ten had been capped several times, and so were inured to the International "needle." However, one hopes that they may now be considered to have passed beyond the stage of "experiment," and, except for the inclusion of Hanley in the pack in place of Lawson, this England side will be played *en bloc* against Wales: they were magnificent in attack and heroic in defence. Does anyone want more than these two attributes?

It is not my purpose to describe the game in detail. Indeed, hardened watcher of Rugger as I am, so thrilled was I throughout that I never made a single note. [Good!—ED.] But the match really divided into just two distinct phases: our concerted attack and our sustained defence. We piled up a score of 15 points at half-time to the enemy's 5. And they didn't like the look of things one little bit when the pause came. For the first quarter of an hour we had a bad time. I suppose we were taking their measure, psychologically, nobody knows. Then came our first try and goal, and from that moment the whole complexion of the game altered. It was Taylor's honour, that try, really. For, getting a pass when well on the move, he went "full throttle" for the line. But there was that deadly fellow Ross to evade. So in the nick of time he passed in very cleverly to Laird, who took the ball to almost the line and then sent Tucker in for a sitter.

The Waratahs, thus banged on the nose, so to speak, responded almost at once. And for ten minutes after that they were all over us again. But again England attacked, and a combination of Young, Laird, Richardson, Aarvold, Taylor got us another try, and Richardson (this man is a great place kicker) landed a wonderful goal and yet once more, very soon afterwards; and we eased up 10 clear points on the right side of the sheet. In spite of the fact that we were beaten for possession in the scrums by their hooker—though not badly—our forwards had been breaking up so well and getting among their threes so quickly and efficiently that time and again in that first half what started as a very grim movement of the enemy was smothered into a scrum again by our alert, steel-fingered forwards.

Now comes the acid test. Everyone round that ground who knew the characteristics of these hard-going Waratahs, and especially our players themselves, realised that they would now make tremendous efforts during every minute of the forty that were left to turn the tables on us. And, by Jove, they did! From the half-time kick-off unceasingly, with increasing pace and almost incredible stamina, until the long-drawn-out end, did they hammer away at our staggering line. Every artifice and guile and pace and weight and determination were we inflicted with. A side of magnificently trained athletes, of rare physique, helped by three months of intensive football, out to obtain at all costs their heart's desire—to beat the Mother Country. My goodness, how they went for us! I shall never forget it. Nor will they.

And yet we hung on and held them and flung them down and down again, and kept them out—almost entirely. Not quite: every one of their men hurled himself at his opponents in a frenzied endeavour to get through. Powers did it and Ford did it. And they thus wiped off 6 points. But Periton scored for England and secured matters!

THE WARRIORS OF THE WEEK

By Mac

Len Harvey, the Plymouth boxer (left), and his French opponent, Kid Nitram, the middleweight champion of France, whom he meets at the Albert Hall on Thursday, January 19. Harvey hopes that the result will enable him to come to grips with Milligan for championship honours

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 12.—COVENTRY

Coventry is famous for all sorts of things, including motor cars and the legend of Lady Godiva, while the Coventry Rugby Football Club is one of the best in the country. "Coventry at home" are three words that proverbially imply a tough proposition for any visiting club, and it is a feather in the cap of the team that manages to beat them on the local ground

Produced December 23, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is Mr. George Robey's personal contribution to the gaiety of the Town, and I think it may fairly be described as *sui generis,* and any other Latin words meaning Mr. Robey at his best. The entertainment consists to a large extent of characteristic monologues and heart-to-heart talks delivered with the confidence of an artist who knows just where to get the punch into his climax. The general shouts of laughter are punctuated here and there by the isolated guffaw of the man who has seen the joke a little late, or by the shrill feminine titter of a lady whose lively imagination has anticipated a more sportful conclusion than the conventions permit.

THE first scene is a gypsy encampment which is quite a pleasing Romany riot. After the chorus have given their usual friendly lead, we find Mr. Robey as a sentimental gypsy warbling of love to his Romany queen (Miss Marie Blanche). There is no doubt that Mr. Robey can sing a sentimental song as well as anyone else, only you will never get people to believe it. He is known to the public as a champion laughter-maker, and he cannot rid himself of this charge any more than the leopard can hope to change his spots for a schoolgirl complexion. Mr. Robey gives his song with surprising charm, but we find ourselves waiting to see where the laugh is coming in.

DECOYING THE FLEET
MARIE BLANCHE ROBERT LAYTON AND GEORGE ROBEY

THE first of the familiar monologues is entitled "The Bride," and it is as a robust and middle-aged specimen of the breed that Mr. Robey makes his bow. There is much amusing talk as to the artful manner in which the coveted husband was hooked and shackled, while the eligible young ladies in the audience hang entranced on the speaker's words, possibly in the hope of finding a way of avoiding ultimate inclusion in the two-million Surplus. We are assured by the "Bride" that the wedding was quite an amiable affair. It seems that at some functions of the kind unsympathetic guests have a way of making significant grimaces at each other as a silent comment on the bride's past, or whispering behind their hands to intimate that the wedding is not taking place a moment too soon. Nothing of that sort here, however! The turn is in the style of what I think is known as popular humour, and in Mr. Robey's hands its popularity is beyond question, as the enduring shrieks of the audience abundantly testify.

THEN we get an amusing cross-talk scene between Mr. Robey and Miss Blanche as members of our highly esteemed Metropolitan Police Force. The talk culminates in a duet with the refrain "It's nothing to do with us!", the usual stage reference to the rather cruel legend that when a policeman sees trouble, it belongs to the man on the next beat. A quick change is then made to a scene entitled "Rameses," which is set with quite unexpected richness and taste. A romantic English lady, visiting the Tombs of the Kings, claims to have been the bride of a Pharaoh in a previous incarnation. This delicate fancy is, of course, by no means new. Some of us will remember the poet who traced his love for his best girl down through the ages from the time "when you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish." In the case of the lady here, a wily dragoman, scenting the prospect of liberal backsheesh, claims that, at a price, he can summon old Rameses from the vasty deep or thereabouts; and, in answer to his call, Mr. Robey appears as the time-worn monarch in a make-up that sets the roars of laughter going once more.

HAVING appeared in various disguises Mr. Robey at length comes before us as himself, eyebrows and all, and talks "Stuff and Nonsense." It is his usual outbreak of inconsequential patter—and "Have you heard this one?" Mr. Robey is, of course, the perfect comedian, and he can often convey as much by a look as a word. Now and again, when his speech is drowned in a torrent of laughter, he will stare in a mystified way at the house as if puzzled to know what he could have said that can bear the extravagant construction that appears to have been put upon it. It is a rich turn in every respect, and is a nice tribute to Mr. Robey's power to hold a vast audience with the slenderest of chatter.

THEN there are the "Flower Girls of Piccadilly" who have made history. It seems the correct thing to speak of these well-matured women as "girls," just as

in a general way we speak of unmarried women as maiden ladies. I think it is what the French call a *façon de parler*. In this case the "girls" are Mr. Robey and Miss Blanche. Miss Blanche has done violence to her youth and beauty by pretending to be plain and *passée* (more French!), and her cross-talk with Mr. Robey as woman to woman is diverting in

the extreme. I think I must have a small mind or something of that sort, but I know that at the time I laughed a great deal without being able to remember afterwards what there was to laugh about.

Mr. Robey's comicalities are generously leavened with scenes of much grace and charm. There is a fine rollicking chorus by the "Gypsy Quartette" about the "Jolly Roger," sung with a background of a beautiful pirate ship flying the sombre flag of the romantic profession. This is followed by a stirring song by Mr. Robert Layton (who looks as mild a pirate as ever slit a weazand, as the poet has it) about "The Highway of the Seas," so that for a while we are all nicely nautical with, it maybe, a secret longing for the life of the bold buccaneer watching our captives walk the plank at the pistol's point in the best style of maritime romance.

An amusing scene shows us the doors of the Prince's Theatre with an enthusiast taking up a position as the first arrival of the usual queue, a day or so before the show is billed to open. Most of the strange components of queues are usually satisfied with a limit of twenty-four hours' wait, and a man who will courageously embark upon a forty-eight-hour prospect is obviously a client to be encouraged. So much so that Mr. Robey, as he emerges from the stage door after a rehearsal, pauses to ask the queueist the reason for this unusual enthusiasm. At the same time Mr. Robey mentions the fact that he is in person the comedian who is seemingly so eagerly sought after, and it then appears that the queueist is no other than a sordid minion of the Surveyor of Taxes, and his interest in the great comedian is purely personal and oppressive. The whole show gives the impression of a very jolly "rag," and it is to be hoped that Mr. Robey will receive from his public the generous support he deserves.

JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

THE GREAT "RAM"

George Robey as the perfect "vision" of a great Egyptian king. The eyebrows and stick, however, are *distinctly* British!

By Bryan de Grineau

HER CROWNING GLORY!

The "sales" and the girl who still wouldn't ——!

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

As 1928 can be divided by four, bachelors should remember that it ought to be a look-before-you-leap year.

. . . . . .

Mr. Seymour Hicks says he once saw a man in a public-house with a moustache like a Niagara of beer. We wonder what it would have looked like had the froth frozen.

. . . . . .

A dance was held recently on a battleship at Portsmouth. It was interesting to note the alacrity with which the officers responded to the cry, "All feet to the 'pumps.'"

. . . . . .

A boxer in Chicago has been disqualified for throwing his opponent. Perhaps he was merely keeping one of his New Year wrestleutions.

. . . . . .

Stage Silhouettes

(The Dramatic Critic)

With sombre mien he scrutinises plays,
Then dips his pen in vitriol and flays 'em;
Like Antony (to quote a hackneyed phrase),
He comes to bury dramas, not to praise 'em.

. . . . . .

It is now definitely proved that it was not Watts who invented the steam engine. Who cares? Watts in a name?

. . . . . .

A dyspeptic enquirer wants to hear of a cure for insomnia. Why doesn't he try counting the specks before his eyes?

Quoth the wife of his bosom, "Now, Sammy,
I want you to buy me a 'cammy.'"
Said he, "Why, you've six,
So my answer is, 'Nix';
What! buy you a 'cammy'? No, damme!"

. . . . . .

Tommy had been soundly whipped by his father. At tea-time he produced a large pair of pincers, upon which he proceeded to sit.

"What have you got there, you young rascal?" asked his irate parent.

"Oh, please don't take them away, Daddy," implored the young hopeful, "*they are so cool!*"

Apropos a certain controversy, a retired corn chandler writes to us to say he is not going to send his son to Oxford, Because—

(a) He's already doing quite nicely at the Polytechnic night class.

(b) He's always been "Cambridge."

(c) If he goes into business afterwards it would make his employer jealous.

(d) His uncle, who's a farmer, says there's no money in Greek roots.

(e) He might become one of those college Don Juans.

(f) I shouldn't like him to share one of those combination rooms.

(g) I'm told they worship the goddess Isis there.

(h) He gets quite sufficient sport at Walthamstow as a Scoutmaster.

(i) His Aunt Emily won't *hear* of it!

(j) His mother thinks the town is damp.

(k) I want him to help in the shop.

. . . . . .

In Morocco there are always native festivities in mid-January. It must be a heartening experience to hear those gentlemen of the turban chant "The Moor we are together."

. . . . . .

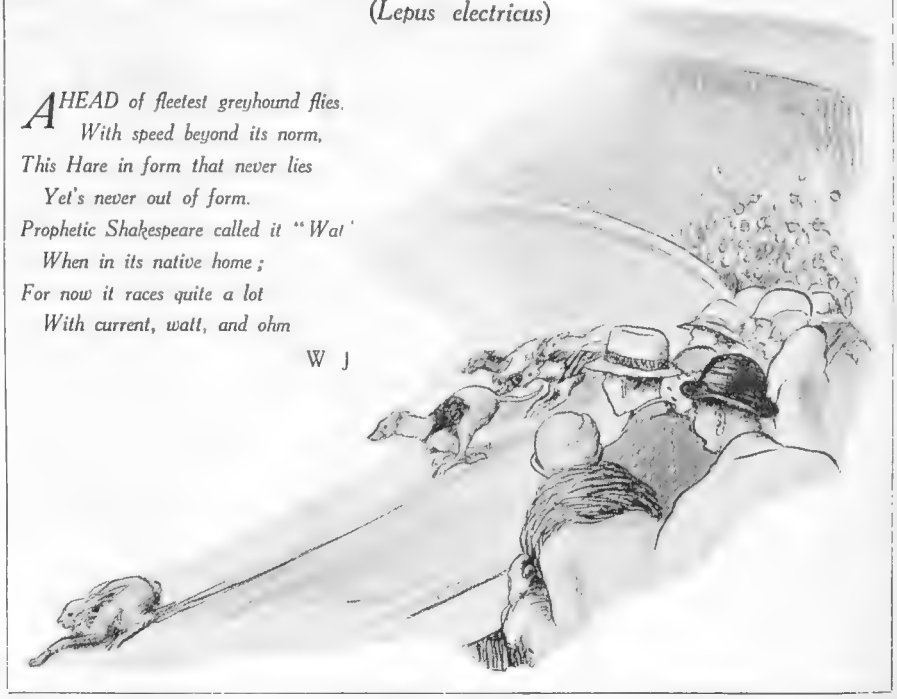
A correspondent says that there are few more pathetic sights than to see an old horse towing a heavy barge. We agree that there is pathos in the tow-path 'oss.

LONDON A ZOO: The Hare's Paddock

(*Lepus electricus*)

AHEAD of fleetest greyhound flies,
With speed beyond its norm,
This Hare in form that never lies
Yet's never out of form.
Prophetic Shakespeare called it "Wat"
When in its native home;
For now it races quite a lot
With current, watt, and ohm

W J



The Frame Up

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of the new training frames for instructing young cat burglars in the art of overcoming obstacles in their path

The Young Idea

Topical

Maud Lanty, one of the most popular of Paris comediennes, assumes the clothes and manner of one of the *very* Young Brigade. She is appearing with marked success at the Théâtre de Variétés

"'Milord said, if you want these hounds to catch their fox, for Heaven's sake leave them alone'"

NEW VOYAGES AROUND MY ROOM

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN*

No. VI—THE WHIP

In Hyde Park the trees were bare of leaves. Beyond, past the uttermost red brick villa that could be called a part of London, the countryside lay stripped for winter. Though scarcely four o'clock, darkness was gathering fast, and as I made my way home through the lamp-lit streets my thoughts turned to muddy-bellied hounds, tired horses and their riders who would at that hour be making their way home.

Once in my room with curtains drawn and a good fire aglow, an old hunting whip with dented silver band that hangs from a nail above the mantelpiece guided my thoughts into more personal vein. I thought of hunts in which that old whip had taken part—good days for the most part; hunting folk seldom remember the others. There was a day in the Belvoir country, riding a chestnut horse second, if I remember right; another with the North Warwickshire when hounds met in the Beoley Vale; a day from Sodbury Common with the Duke's; all great days with great hounds and great companions.

From these classic packs my mind went back to another hunt, with which I had some of the happiest days of all.

It was such a hunt as Surtees could have written about with proper justice. There were seldom more than six of us out—the Master; Flynn, a drunken Irishman who lived with him; Milord of the Manor, a right good young sportsman who loved to see hounds work up to their fox no matter where; the Doctor; and a sporting farmer. Imagine this field of six—the Master, who knew nothing; Flynn, who hunted hounds; Milord, down from Leicestershire and keen as mustard; and the Doc. on his cob.

He, the doctor, was one of the last of the riding doctors. No motor cars for him; he visited his patients going out or coming back from hunting, and on non-hunting days he rode his rounds. There are no more of his sort left now. All power to him for a bit of the real roast beef of old England that he was.

I was down in the neighbourhood for a season, and then went East. It was not till two years later that I met the doctor again, but many a time during the interval I thought of the sport that scratch moorland pack had shown under the real genius of Flynn, the drunken crony of the Master. The Master himself was a good fellow, but I do not think he knew any of his hounds by sight and they certainly would do nothing that he told them.

Well, two years afterwards, finding myself in the district, I called on the doctor to hear how things had been going. It was he who told me of Flynn's death and the following story, which, knowing the country, was as vivid to me as if I'd been present at the time.

It seems that Flynn had died as he had lived—drunk to the last and proud of it. The doctor had been with him. He said that Flynn's last words had been a jest

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about the cast-off remnants of a dozen kennels that had been known as Mr. Boltby's hounds. Flynn said :—

"They'll miss me, Doc., if no one else does. I used to show the little beauties where they'd find a fox and help 'em catch 'im, too."

This was true enough, for Flynn when fairly sober was one of the finest amateur huntsmen in the kingdom—without him Mr. Boltby's hounds would never have tasted blood outside their kennels.

And it was no blood they got after Flynn's death, said the doctor. Mr. Boltby decided to hunt his hounds himself, and a sorry mess he made of it. Two days a week he led his hounds from kennels and two days a week he brought them home again—as dejected, spiritless a pack of hounds as ever forgot the feeling of getting their teeth into a fox. They had killed a few cubs earlier in the season, but from the middle of November until January there was not a hound that had tasted blood.

Things were getting so bad that even the young Lord of the Manor was talking of giving up going out, and the doctor, the faithful honorary secretary to the hunt, was in despair.

Then one day hounds came to keep their appointment at Long Bottom, a valley below the moorland from which they had often had good sport. The Doc. was there on his cob; Milord on one of his Leicestershire thoroughbreds, a couple of farmers, and the Master. The Master threw hounds into a covert that was seldom blank, and sure enough after a few minutes a real chorus rang through the wood. It was one of those days when the blue smoke from cottage wood fires rises undisturbed—still and bright. There had been frost overnight and there would be sharper frost again that evening. On such a day there may be a tremendous scent.

In Flynn's time, given a good scent and a fair start after his fox, a hunt was assured; and—forgetting Flynn was no more—when Reynard broke and hounds went after him for four fields as though they were possessed—all settled down to a real day's sport.

Then there came a stretch of plough and hounds threw up. The Master galloped across the plough, blowing his horn as though there was a fire alarm. Hounds took no notice of the horn; they had heard it so often that it had lost its meaning. We had to whip them on to the Master. Once across the plough they stood round looking at him owlishly; not a hound so much as trying to feather for the line. It was enough to break a man's heart to see such a good hunt spoiled.

Then suddenly two hounds turned and started loping over the plough; the others followed.

"Hey! They are making for the railway," called the Master, "turn 'em back; I don't want 'em that way."

"Milord looked at me," said the doctor, "and I know we both thought alike; it was best to let those hounds alone. They might or might not know what they were doing; but one thing was certain, the Master had not the least idea; a child of ten could have cast hounds with more skill."

We followed hounds over the railway and came on to grass again. There we saw an odd sight. Hounds were working that field methodically in a wide ring; they looked busy and eager, too; all their ordinary loafing, lurching ways, when they had lost a fox, had vanished. To watch them a man would have sworn that someone was casting them, and a pretty good man, too, as brisk and quick as any professional.

While we sat there, wondering just how much start that fox was getting, Milord saw the Master draw his horn. He rode up to him. "I'll never forget it," said the doctor laughing. "Milord said, if you want these hounds to catch their fox, for Heaven's sake leave them alone."

The Master did not like being spoken to like that by one of the field, but he had respect for his lordship, knowing all the experience he had had in Leicestershire, and did as he was told. Sure enough, after a few minutes, hounds hit the line once more. Away they went up the valley, too fast for us to follow very close. And it was grand to see 'em, sterns straight as arrows, heads a bit above the ground, racing to a scent that was breast high.

Just how they had crossed the railway and hit the line again on their own we had none of us stopped to think. But when at last they checked again and we overtook them, something happened that gave us all a funny feeling. They were standing on another bit of plough, looking kind of helpless as though they did not know what to do next. We were still a good two fields off, but could see them plain as anything. Then all at once the pack turned and wheeled towards a withy bed, for all the world as though someone was leading them; they were certainly not running to any scent. They tumbled into that withy bed and immediately out popped Reynard on the other side. He'd been getting his wind in there.

Milord and I looked at one another. We said nothing, but we each thought the same thing. *Someone was hunting those hounds;* they could never have acted like that alone. And the only person who could have lived with them in such a gallop and been there two fields in front of all of us was Flynn.

Hounds got on to their fox again and pushed him up on to the moorland. Here scent was not so good, but for four straight miles they chased him, now on their own, now it seemed following some unseen guide. But we heard nothing; we could only guess this from the way they ran. It was uncanny—the uncanniest thing that I have ever known.

At last by Talby they bowled their fox over in the open. 'Ere! I've seen hounds glad to get a fox, but never in my life seen one as quickly eaten. It was a sight to see 'em snarling and worrying there with bits of fur hanging from their slavering jaws. They were so savage old Boltby didn't even try to get down among 'em to save the brush. But when they'd finished he got his horn out again and blew the call to sign he was going home.

Not a hound moved. Some were standing, some lying on the ground. And their heads were all turned the same way—inwards as I've seen 'em before.

The doctor paused and raised his glass. "I'm a medical man," he said; "and I don't believe in any spirits unless it's whisky; but till my dying day I'll never doubt what those hounds were looking at, though *he* was not there for us to see. But they knew! They were looking at Flynn, who'd come back to them to give them some blood."

A. M.

PADDOCK SHADOWS

Little hoofs galloping out of the shadows,
Back through the dusk of the years that have been,
Lost hoofs that wandered away from the paddock.
Swing wide the gate, then, and let them come in.

Smile if you choose, but I know they are waiting.
Hark! while I hear and remember that neigh!
Once it was sugar and carrots I gave them,
What is there left I can give them to-day?

Only remembrance and love never ending,
Eyes searching backwards deep into the past,
Seeking old names there and never forgetting
One who was gallant and true to the last.

Call me a dreamer—a slave to lost fancies—
Still with the feeling I never will part
That always a brown nose will nuzzle my shoulder
And light feet will gallop, deep down in my heart.

Constance Troy.

Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller

FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—No. 12—IAN SMITH

One of the fastest wing-threequarters playing the game, he is also a determined tackler. Ian Smith has fourteen caps for Scotland, and in 1923 was a member of the famous Oxford "Scottish" threequarter line. Latterly he has been handicapped by injuries

THE EMPIRE'S RIVIERA.—A SCENE ON THE C

The natural beauty of the coastline of the Cape Peninsula is probably unrivalled in any part of the world. Flanked on one side by the about thirty-five miles in length, is famous for its scenic beauties, with Table Mountain at its head and Cape Point at its base. It is v bed. With beautiful secluded bays, glorious marine motor drives and sunny beaches, the Cape is coming into increasing

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

CAPE PENINSULA COAST, SOUTH AFRICA

by the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean and on the other side by the warmer waters of the Indian Ocean, the lofty promontory, It is veritably a land of mountains risen from the sea. Cape Point itself rises almost a sheer height of 1,000 feet from the ocean reasing favour every year as a sunshine resort where the visitor from Europe can rely upon glorious summer weather

The Town has decided that "Hamlet" is slow
And prefers to see "Nora from Nice":
All flock to the Zanzibar Hottentots' show
Where the crowds are controlled by police.

Drawn and coloured by D. Jackson and Advocaat with permission

THE QUEUE

'Tis the vogue to applaud poor productions as hits.
And with blessings from Broadway we're showered.
If our playwrights are bold we absolve them as wits
Though our latter-day Congreve's a Coward.

By John Walker Esq., distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Those who would like an unmounted reprint, in full colour, of this design, are invited to write to John Walker & Sons, Ltd., 12, Mark Lane, E.C.3. It will be sent free.

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. VIII—
BUSY BEES—AND BEES

"The sanctity and splendour of the Ritz environment"

THE Ritz and all that appertains to it is still quoted, very properly, as the sort of standard by which good taste in high living and expensive thinking is judged. As, for instance, when a man — or perchance a woman—offers you a picnic form of hospitality somewhere, and he arms himself against your skilfully suppressed obloquy by saying, "Of course, this isn't the *Ritz*, ol' man, you mustn't expect anything of *that* sort," they are paying this palace in Piccadilly a compliment of a high order; and one hears it frequently.

The very young men with agile bodies and the very young women with agile eyes might, perhaps, not consider the somewhat staid environment of this marble dining-room a quite suitable springboard for the deep-end dive round the Town. People here do not ask each other across the tablecloth, "Do you snake?" referring to the new "Cincinatti Snake" dance which is worming its way rather laboriously on to the London *parquets*. A man is more likely to be heard saying in a low voice, "Yes, the Chief let me put it in the Embassy bag for you, *chérie*, so don't worry." And a woman at another table, "My son's butler knows of an excellent *courrier* over there; I must send you his name."

The Ritz *clientèle* is composed mainly of those people who stand immovable behind matters of State, yet are always moving them, ever so gently, but ever so firmly; welcoming with a wan smile the suggestion that "England gets hoodwinked by everyone." For it has always been the British diplomatic pose to appear as something akin to a congenital idiot: for then the other fellow becomes careless in the presence of mediocrity and trips up. There has been a lot of tripping up done in the Ritz Hotel over the years: but nobody there would admit it.

It is one of the very few places in London which have been left mentally unscarred by the wounds of war. The atmosphere of unostentatious wealth is as marked there to-day as it was in January, 1914. Aletto, the deity of the Dining-room, has been saying "Good morning, Excellency," and "Good night, your Highness," daily here for seventeen years; and when a man has been doing that you can't expect him to arouse any interest in a new Quick Lunch Bar someone has opened in Bedford Street.

The sanctity and splendour of the Ritz environment were brought home to me forcibly the other night when, in conversation with Aletto, I moved an arm which upset the coffee all over the table. The even flow of his sentences was not for a second stemmed. He simply didn't notice that anything untoward had happened. Two minions did instantly; and with conjurors' fingers removed and replaced the whole "cabouche," rather in the manner of people who replace wrecked dinner tables about every five minutes—and like it.

Then I retired to the kitchens: the only place for me. Messieurs Ritz and Escoffier designed these kitchens many years ago; and they showed extraordinary foresight; for there is little you could do to them to-day to make them more fitting for the modern *gourmet*. It is a white tiled kingdom down here, ruled despotically, though kindly, by Monsieur Herbodeau, the *Chef en Chef*. You must not imagine that he does any cooking. Good heavens, no! Fifty-two other men see to all that, of whom nine actually cook. *Monsieur le Directeur en Chef* walks about in a tight white coat and a gargantuan white top hat—and looks on, with the bustling, shouting kingdom in the hollow of his small, soft hand.

I am sorry to say so, but we have got you women cold down here. This is a man's realm. There is a great noise, a great scurry, and no disorder whatsoever.

"Trois fill-ets de s-o-l-e! Deux poulets du jo-ur!"

"Att-en-tion!"

"On va vous les donn-er!" . . .

Men yell at each other, entirely composed, deft of finger, clean, merry, terribly efficient. Three hundred luncheons to-day; a hundred and fifty dinners to-night. Nearly everyone ordering *à la carte*; everyone wanting theirs immediately if not sooner; everyone getting them—hot and beautiful.

If you are of those who "haven't had a decent appetite for months, ol' man," wangle a way down here. See the *Petite Marmite* soup stewing in the immense copper urns, whole chickens chucked in as if they were bits of bread. Watch an *omelette fines herbes* coming to curled life by jugglery on a sizzling pan. See a man coaxing *pommes soufflées* to that puffed up shade of

brownness, no more and no less. Observe the grave ritual of an ice *soufflée* being whipped into chaste whiteness in a gleaming copper bowl for the party of twelve on the first floor—a sacrilege to plunge spoons into it when they have woven creamy patterns on it. You want to sit down there and then, on anything that is not too infernally hot, and eat, and go on eating.

Englishmen get into this white-coated fastness, as they get into most places, to learn. But only the mentally fittest and physically quickest survive. They all look alike, French and English, in their robes of office. A *Sous Chef* is explaining volubly to me the science of *Pommes Chatouillard*, the latest mode of potato from Paris. It must be "*comme ceci, et comme ça—vous comprenez?*" When a voice intervenes at his side: "You shove the screw in 'ere, see? Turn, an' you git the pattern, like—foller?" And a moment ago he had been bawling, in an *Antoine* district *patois*, "*Mais oui: mais nom de Dieu, qu'est-ce que tu pense, voyons!*". A busy bee, linguistically inclined, like the rest of them.

But having had all this food—in the abstract, let us go and take a little exercise—in the concrete: or rather on the ice, at Westminster. In no spirit of pride in yourself because you *are* yourself—an excellent reason for most people—must you make pilgrimage to the London Ice Club. This isn't enough for the Committee: quite right, too. You won't get in: quite right, too. You can't just go down towards the dank river after dinner with a pair of skates on boots in a bag, thinking to do the outside edge backwards with the best of them. No. You have got to be (a) "Vetted" (see dictionary, it isn't in mine) socially; and one presumes eugenically, too, for this is a very thorough Committee; (b) proposed; (c) elected (*what* a moment!); and (d) re-elected next year, in case the Committee has made a mistake, assuming such a thing to be possible, which is stretching the imagination rather far.

Skating has always been a popular pastime in England because we seldom get any ice, and when you deprive an Englishman of something he becomes "all British" and shouts for it. Of course, there used to be roller skating (one does not mention this at the Ice Club—it isn't done); but roller skates have a detestable habit of going away from beneath you with the sudden acceleration of a Tube train, and after a time this becomes rather wearing to the nerves.

Skating in London nowanights and in the grave, figure-carving mornings and the ponderously pirouetting afternoons has become once again a definite "craze." But only for the fearfully selected few. However, there is the Ranelagh - cum - Hurlingham - cum - Zoo system of vouchers in vogue here. And if some member owes you money, and is thereby in a very awkward position, he may give you one. Then you may come and look on; and if you are *very* brave, and have got the right coloured voucher, you may commandeer your own bit of ice to fall on.

"It is a white tiled kingdom down here"

A truly lovely sight to see a man and a woman waltzing in great circling sweeps over the cream-coloured floor under the dim, green, immense dome of glass roof; while the band croons an alluring waltz tune, and the world looks on enviously. A great moment for a woman who can do it . . You can't turn your eyes away for a single instant. It is the quintessence of grace in human movement. And the soloists, gravely preoccupied with their own ten square yards of ice, having executed the most immaculate triple eight (or whatever it is) in a half loop and double roll, must needs paint studiously their lily by doing it seventy-three times more. You will be filled with a dumb amazement if you can get in here on a Curling Night. The huge stretch of scarred ice is deserted save for sixteen men and one woman. Their voices, beseeching each other to "Bring it *on!*" are fraught with anxiety and terror. You will see dear old gentlemen, who must by their austere demeanour hold great positions in this flippant world, answering the call by prancing up and down the ice with a witch's broom, sweeping frenziedly every speck of goodness knows what away from the sliding path of their squat "stone" to the end that it may get the fractional better of some other stone. Their politeness to one another is quite touching. They call a faint "*Thank* you!" to the world at large from their dim distances. But whether their pæan of gratitude is offered up to the stone, or to the panting sweeper, or to the curler, or to all three and everyone in the neighbourhood, I don't know. I never shall know. I would not dare to ask them. Fancy breaking in upon the solemnity of a curling match with a damsilly question like that . . . !

E. P. L.-B.

A DRAMATIC critic says that plays in which the heroine shows a lavish display of *lingerie* always have a fair chance of success. This should be a hint to Sir Gerald du Maurier to revive "The Under-Ware Case."

. . .

"MEN," says a writer in the Press, "are more generous than women." Hence G.B.S.'s play, "'Alms' and the Man."

Well in the Swing of Things

Hana

A striking photograph of Gerlys and Lysia, the ballet and acrobatic dancers, putting in some really strenuous and spectacular work. They have just finished a successful season at the Casino de Paris, in Paris, and are now appearing at the Empress Rooms, Kensington

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Designer of the hat *à la mode*"

Such a delicious moment arrives in connection with the celebration of the centenary of Jules Verne, that most delicious interpreter of our boyhood dreams of adventure. Virtually all the experts, and particularly the gold-braided military experts, poured scorn on the "excessive imagination" of the genial author, and enthusiastic boys were warned by profound professors not to attach any seriousness to his imaginative *envolées*, as it never would be possible for man to fly in machines or navigate under the waters. . . . And where stand the pundits now! Most of their successors are joining in the centenary celebrations.

Mes Amis—

Most of you, like myself, bear a little grudge, I suppose, against those expert authorities of coldly superior intellect who shatter our most cherished beliefs of childhood, such as the stories of James Watt allowing the kettle to boil over, and King Alfred burning the cakes. So I presume you will take a similar elfish kind of pleasure in seeing these ruthless destroyers of fond memories most thoroughly discomfited. There are, of course, erudites who are most likeable, and we do not wish to see their pride suffer, because they never parade it, but there are others who are "know-alls" of the most irritating description, and it is their exposure that one enjoys with vast relish.

I particularly savoured a phrase just pronounced by one of the likeable learned men, Marshal Lyautey, maker of the new Morocco, by acting on visions. "It was Jules Verne who was right," he said, when talking about aviation. And another military writer has just declared that the best present for the French Minister of War and the Army Commission is a collection of Jules Verne's works, so that they may have some up-to-date ideas should there be another conflict. The great Jules is coming into his own with a bang. But the military experts will need a lot of shaking. I remember, when the first Big Bertha shell dropped in Paris, how they "conclusively proved" by chemistry and mathematics and ballastics that "it just couldn't be"; and it was while some of them were demonstrating this that they were nearly hit by the next one.

It is on account of the "superior" attitude of these savants who assert that the bricks and bones found in the hamlet of Glozel, near Vichy, are "fakes" that the ordinary French man in the street rather hopes that the pro-Glozelians will establish their claim that they are authentic relics of a prehistoric civilisation. He does not care a jot really whether they are genuinely prehistoric or not, but whereas the pro-Glozelians have been somewhat humble as to the "finds" being possible missing links, the anti-Glozelians have damned them with a contempt that took no count of the ordinary citizen's desire for plain evidence. The *citoyen moyen* does not like to see venerable scholars treated as charlatans on hearsay and with innuendo. He has now seen "the experts" shown to be wrong so often that he wants some proof.

Everybody who enjoys a drop of really good whisky will feel a touch of sympathy in a misadventure that has just happened to a well-known Anglo-Parisian. The victim numbers among his acquaintances the representative of a whisky firm, and this representative, scenting possibilities of business in the gentleman's prominent association with a Paris club, asked him if he thought it might be possible to introduce his whisky into the club. The gentleman said he would mention the matter to the

"The 'superior' attitude of these savants"

Keeping the Hunt Ball Rolling

Photographs THE SINNINGTON SIT OUT

A photograph taken at the recent Sinnington Hunt Ball, held at the Earl of Feversham's seat, Duncombe Park, Helmsley. The group shows Mrs. Gordon Foster, Mrs. Vivian Lloyd, the Earl of Feversham, Captain Pilkington, and Sir Richard Cruise

WITH THE WEST KENT *British Illus.*

Dancers at the Hunt Ball, held at the Wildernesse Country Club seat, near Sevenoaks. The photograph shows Colonel and Mrs. John Mackenzie, Captain G. Knox, R.N., and Mrs. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Stewart, Miss Ruth Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woodbridge, Captain E. Beadon, and Mr. J. W. E. Mackenzie

THE HUNT BALL AT LOCKERBIE *Sport and General*

Some of the Castle Milk house party at the Dumfriesshire Hunt Ball at Lockerbie Town Hall. Mr. Anthony Lowther, Mr. P. Judd, Mr. Teddy Brookes, Lady Buchanan Jardine, Mrs. Peel, Mrs. Anthony Lowther, Count de Caramen Chimay, Lady Evelyn Graham, Sir Delves Broughton, and Capt. Miles Graham

THE MASTER'S PARTY *News Illus.*

At the Southdown Hunt Ball. Sitting: Mrs. Powell Edwards, Mrs. Hoare Nairne, and Miss Hoare Nairne. Standing: Lt.-Col. Powell Edwards, Brig.-Gen. E. S. Hoare Nairne (the Master), Colonel Harry Sturgis, and Mr. George R. Beard

Photographs

A group photographed at the ball. It shows, standing: Mr. Bernard Wall (left), Mr. J. Wreford, Colonel E. Percy Smith, Mr. Robert Hunt, and Colonel Sarley. Seated: Miss Peel, Mrs. Meares, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. R. Hunt, and Mrs. Bernard Wall

News Illus.

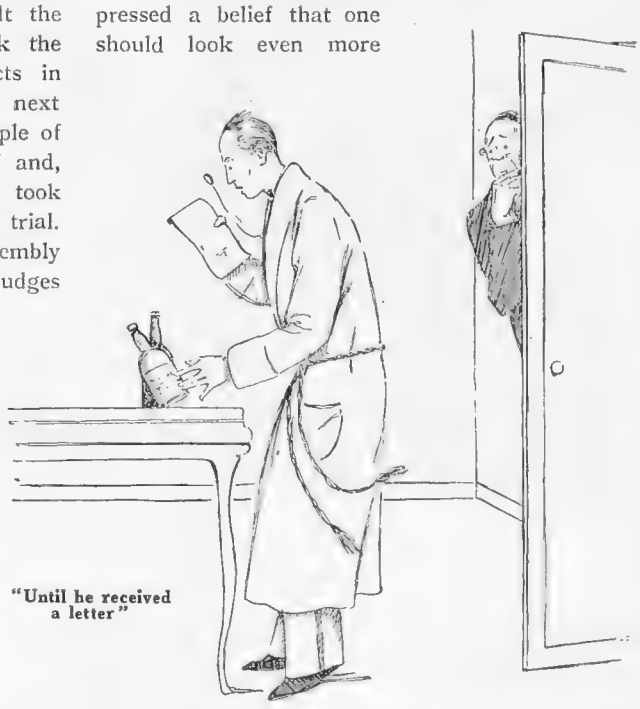
A group showing Miss Harrison, Miss Keith-Jones, Miss Carey, Mr. V. Hutchins, Mr. V. Keith-Jones, Mr. James Dalrymple, Mr. Bastyan, Mr. J. H. Dalrymple, Mr. Fanshawe, Miss Joan Carey, Mr. R. B. Fleming, Miss Austin, Mr. Harrison

The Southdown Hunt Ball, held at the Town Hall, Lewes, was a very distinct success, both from the points of view of numbers and cheeriness. The above photographs show some of the folk who made the evening a particularly bright one

secretary, though doubtful about the result.

HE did speak of it, and the secretary said he would consult the committee, but he brought back the answer that there were contracts in existence with other firms. The next day the gentleman received a couple of bottles of whisky at his home, and, presuming they were samples, took them along to the club for a trial. There happened to be quite an assembly of members who claimed to be judges of whisky, and several of them showed such appreciation of the brand, in second and third "trials," that the bottles were soon emptied. All of them agreed that it was so good that, if the club could have it at the same price as the prevailing brand, it was advisable to order some.

IT was only the day after that the gentleman received a letter from one of the principal men of the whisky firm, who also happened to be a friend, enquiring how he had enjoyed the whisky, which he had sent him as a special personal treat, as it was seventy-five years old! The whisky experts of the club are patting themselves on the back over the established soundness of their judgment, but the victim of the experiment has expressed a belief that one should look even more than twice before taking a leap in a Leap Year.



"Until he received a letter"

YVES MIRANDE, "Rip," Saint-Granier, and the other nimble-minded gentlemen who write the bulk of the revues for the Paris theatres and music-halls, are accorded vast credit for the skill with which they can utilise "the topical," but it becomes evident that they have not much advance on some of the people who determine what shall be fashionable for Parisiennes—and, therefore, for the rest of the world. One cannot but be impressed by the mental agility of the lady who is the foremost designer of the hat *à la mode*.

RECENTLY there has been an outbreak of banditism on the roads, of which motorists driving by night have been the victims. Having been compelled to pull up on account of a barricade of branches, they have then been forced to hand over their wallets under the unfailing point of persuasion of a revolver. The outbreak is only about a fortnight old, but already the lady has *lancée* for women motorists a hat which resembles the traditional headgear of the bandits of Calabria!

RENÉ.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

HANDS THAT DON'T FIT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

IT frequently happens at Bridge that partners have excellent hands which do not combine or fit. They call them correctly up to a point, but neglect to see the danger signals. Consequently, they rush on to disaster when, if they had only realised the position in time, they might have discovered the winning way.

A correspondent in Durham sends me an interesting hand which illustrates the theme:—

	S.—9, 4, 3. H.—10, 2.	D.—K, 10, 5, 2. C.—J, 6, 3, 2.
S.—Q, 10, 8, 7, 2. H.—A, Q, J, 9, 8, 5, 3 D.—8. C.—None.	Y A B Z	S.—A, 5. H.—None. D.—A, Q, 9, 7, 4. C.—A, Q, 10, 9, 5, 4.
	S.—K, J, 6. H.—K, 7, 6, 4.	D.—J, 6, 3. C.—K, 8, 7.

This is how the bidding went:—Score: Game all. A deals and bids "Two Hearts"; Y, "No bid"; B, "Two No Trumps"; Z, "No bid"; A, "Three Hearts"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Double three Hearts"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Three No Trumps." All pass.

Z opened the 4 of Hearts, and B, according to my correspondent, went down four tricks.

He does not give the play of the hand, but I do not think that B should have gone down so many. If he had played properly he need not have been more than one down. Seeing all four hands at Double Dummy you may say that B might even have made three No Trumps.

. . . . . .

But it is on the bidding, not on the play, that I am asked to adjudicate. First, then, I dislike A's initial bid of "Two Hearts." He should on this holding pre-empt with three Hearts, or even four. If he had called three B should not interfere, although bare in the suit. He should argue that A has great length in Hearts, and his three Aces must be useful and he should not take out.

Having, however, made that ambiguous call of "Two," I do not think that B was very wrong to try "Two No Trumps." Personally, I dislike a No Trumper when bare of my partner's declared suit, but B had great strength and a possibility of game.

It was on the subsequent rounds of bidding that the partnership went wrong. I think that A should have showed Spades over the two No Trumper. B in that case should realise that A has a two-suiter, and should not proceed. But, as it was, A called "Three Hearts," which B passed until Z doubled. Z's double was not sound, but may have been actuated by the desire to drive B back into No Trumps, which, in fact, it did, although I consider B was entirely wrong in the matter. A had said to him in the language of Bridge:

"I don't like your No Trumper. I want to play the hand in Hearts." When you get partners at cross purposes the result is usually disaster.

Note that A could have gone game in Hearts or in Spades.

Summing up, I consider A was wrong in his initial bid, and also in not showing Spades on second round. B was wrong to take out the doubled three Hearts, and A was further wrong in leaving in three No Trumps.

. . . . . .

Here is a Double Dummy problem by Captain N. Y. Wilson, D.S.O., M.C. Solution will be given next week:—

	S.—None. H.—8, 3, 2.	D.—5, 4. C.—A, 6, 2.
S.—7, 5. H.—Q, 4. D.—8, 7. C.—K, 4.	Y A B Z	S.—4. H.—7, 6, 5. D.—K, 6. C.—7, 5.
	S.—8, 6. H.—J.	D.—J, 3, 2. C.—8, 3.

There are No Trumps. Z has the lead. Y Z have to take 5 of the 8 tricks against any possible defence.

SEED—Y!

BY STARR WOOD

"The Chief has hay fever"
"What brought it on?"
"He dined off a grass widow"

IN FILMLAND *G. Mannell*

Miss Benita Hume, who has returned from New York to play opposite Ivor Novello in two films—"The South Sea Bubble" and Lord Dunsany's "If." She played in the film version of "The Constant Nymph"

Femina

DECORATIVE SAUCEPANS

By MRS. M. VINCE

Two years ago there was exhibited at Olympia a series of kitchens from eight different countries. Seven of them were European, and these were all old—with spinning-wheels and big open grates, iron pots hung on chains above the logs, and beds in the wall with steps leading up to them. The eighth was a modern American kitchen with electric cooking and steel furniture. While the old European kitchens were brightly coloured, the modern American kitchen was painted throughout in white enamel. It had the rather inhuman cleanliness of an operating theatre.

I THOUGHT then, and wrote in THE BYSTANDER, that many people looking at those old coloured kitchens of Europe must have felt that there was something to be said for beauty even in a modern kitchen. White has the obvious advantage of encouraging cleanliness. It shows dirt more easily than any other colour. But there are light shades of other colours which do this almost as well, and there are other things besides cleanliness to be thought of in a kitchen. More kitchens than ever (now that there are so many flats) are the living-rooms of maids, and even when they are not we know the value of giving people pleasant surroundings in which to work. That is as true of cooks as of the rest of us. Let us have cleanliness in reason, but let us recognise that cutting up meat does not require the same severity of aseptic conditions as cutting off a leg.

A REACTION against the dead white kitchen was bound to come, and it is rather amusing to see with what vehemence it has come in America. An evening paper published a few days ago an article on the latest American kitchen. It appears to be not merely a coloured kitchen—like the old European kitchens—but to be all the colours at once, cubistic designs on the ice-box, rainbow kettles, and brightly patterned saucepans. In fact, the writer describes it as looking like the dazzle painting in the war.

I AM all for bright kitchens, but this seems to be going too far. The object of dazzle painting was to deceive—to make a gun look as if it were a part of the landscape, to prevent a submarine from being able to tell where the sea ended and the ship began. This method seems rather out of place in a kitchen. I do not mind the gas-cooker and the frying-pan both being bright colours, but I like to know which is which. If I want to break an egg into the pan I do like to be certain that I am not breaking it over the cooker.

WE have our own extravagances in decoration. They may occasionally be found in bedrooms. I saw two bed quilts in a shop the other day, one with a sunset on it and the other a sunrise. I do not know what one was intended to do with them, but I suppose that a conscientious person would go to sleep under the sunset quilt and wake up in the middle of the night in order to replace it with the sunrise ready for morning.

THESE extravagances may still more frequently be seen in the bathroom. In fact, the bathroom seems easily the favourite place for them. We have had the Mediterranean bathroom and the Atlantic bathroom and the "under-the-sea" bathroom, and I have just seen a description of a "desert sunset" bathroom.

BUT we have not attempted such things in our kitchens. I doubt if our cooks would allow it. I am certain that they would object to such a painting on their cupboard as apparently is to be found now on American ice-boxes —"cubistic persons rummaging for titbits." It has too obvious a suggestion of cats in the dustbin. I am certain, too, that they would refuse to fry bacon and eggs in a rainbow frying-pan. But certainly they do not object to colour: Most of them welcome it. American women, I see, are defending the "dazzle kitchen" on the ground that "kitchen work is the most monotonous in the world, so why not lighten it?"

WE do not need to go to America to learn the value of lightening the cook's work by giving her an attractive kitchen, for we have been practising it for some time. The old kitchen with its sanitary paper in a brown shade, and its brown woodwork, has long since disappeared. The all-white kitchen we have tried, and found wanting. What is very noticeable in the smaller London kitchens to-day is the number which are being decorated with the same gaiety of colour as sitting-rooms. But we might go further. Without copying the dazzle colours of America, we might certainly follow the example of brightly coloured saucepans. Silver-coloured aluminium has taken the place of the old black saucepan. Enamelled saucepans are made in different, but rather sober, colours. If we wanted more colours the manufacturers could easily give us them.

KITCHENS have little free wall-space, but I wonder that the Empire Marketing Board has not tried to introduce its posters as a form of decoration for them. Whom could it more usefully teach to think imperially about food than our cooks? How better could it be done than by ensuring that they boiled the kettle every afternoon with a picture of the Ceylon tea-plantations before them, and that their eyes were fixed on a poster of Australian vineyards as they actually stirred Australian raisins into the Christmas pudding?

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Vandyk*

Miss Meg Mountford Hyde, daughter of Mr. Frederick Hyde, the Managing Director of the Midland Bank, who will be presented at Court next Season. Her engagement to Major James Stuart Forsyth, M.C., was announced recently

At Play Among the Swiss Snows

Photographs

THE ENGLISH TEAM

Who took part in the recent Anglo-Swiss University Salom Ski Race. The photograph shows Howard Ford (left), E. W. Richardson, Barry Caulfield, Lord Knebworth, C. E. Pitman, and R. B. McConnell

Sport and General

THE SWISS TEAM

Who opposed the representatives of the English Universities in their recent encounter at Mürren. Their names are: O. Barbey (left), G. Reuge, Vanstorker, Weber, de Garnoens, Kummerli, and L'Dusa

A SILHOUETTE FROM THE SNOWFIELDS *Central Press*

A striking photograph taken on the slopes above Mürren. Under gathering snow clouds parties of skiers and their judges are seen assembling for the tests which, if successfully performed, will win them their Third Class Badge

Photographs *Topical*

THE INTER-VARSITY ICE HOCKEY TEAMS

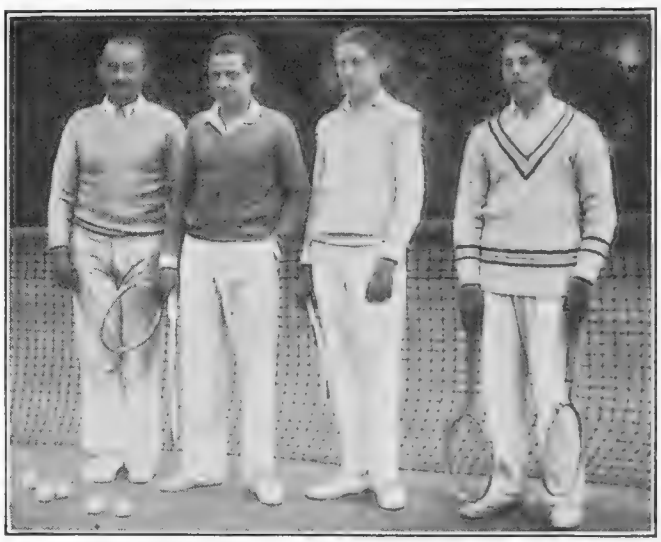
The Cambridge University team (left) and their Oxford University opponents, whom they beat in their recent match at St. Moritz. It was a very even game, Wilde scoring the only goal of the match for Cambridge in the fortieth minute

Riviera Notes

By DOUGLAS W THORBURN

WHILE floods and tempests have been all too prevalent at home we have been enjoying some glorious days —and hectic nights—on the Mediterranean coast. As one friend remarked, it was gales in the North and galas in the South. Day after day it has been not merely possible but positively delightful to sit out of doors in the sun any time between 10.30 and 3 without an overcoat, and along our various sea-fronts at Nice, Cannes, and elsewhere practically every chair has been occupied. There were over one hundred swimmers taking part in the annual New Year's Swim in the sea at Cannes, and competing in beach games in bathing costumes; and of these a large number were ladies and children. Cynics who hint that photos of people bathing in mid-winter on the Riviera have been taken in summer should have been there, although, as a matter of fact, it was by no means the best day of the past few weeks.

ALL the tennis and golfing resorts are now going strong, and the number of players is so great at the Cannes Golf Club at Mandelieu that daily and weekly members can no longer be accepted, a state of things for which we generally have to wait until much later in the season. The polo season began at Mandelieu in fine style, the first match being held in calm and sunny weather, which made watching a pleasure for the very smart crowd present. The Polo Club house has been entirely transformed and enlarged, and is now a popular spot for luncheon prior to the games which will, for the future, take place, as a rule, three days a week. A great many well-known players are here, and others will be arriving from all parts of the globe during the next few weeks.



Planet Pictures

PRINCES AT TENNIS

A tennis four photographed at Beau-Site, Cannes. Mr. Bruce (left), Prince Louis of Orleans, Prince Henri of Orleans, and M. Weanolsen

BY a stroke of genius—or amazing good fortune—the directors of the new residential district above the Californie quarter managed to select the most brilliant day of the winter for the official inauguration of the *funiculaire* railway, of which we published a photograph some time ago, and the whole affair was a huge success. Three hundred guests, headed by M. Yves Le Trocquer, the popular French deputy and ex-Cabinet Minister, and representatives of the Prefecture and all the leading public bodies, ascended the mountain railway, which is the very last word in engineering ingenuity, and were enchanted by the panoramic views from the summit, embracing the Riviera from Hyères to the Italian coast. Even those who had frequently visited this newly developed suburb on the hills confessed they had never seen anything finer, and a very lavish luncheon at the Carlton, which lasted most of the afternoon, gave the finishing touch to a notable ceremony. It would seem that the *funiculaire* habit will soon become fashionable, for the easy and rapid transit from the centre of the town to an altitude of 700 feet, with a complete change of air, is as good a tonic for the morning after a gala night as anyone could wish—and as inexpensive, though I am not suggesting that would make anything fashionable on the Riviera.

Marc Le Noir

WHERE THE SUN IS WARM

A merry group of bathers photographed in the sun and spray on the Riviera. The photograph was taken at Cannes, which is as thronged as ever with visitors

MONTE CARLO has always been famous for the number of large private entertainments given there by prominent residents and visitors, and the present season threatens to establish fresh records in this direction. The New Year began as usual with a reception by Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montague Barstow at the Villa Bijou, and the personal popularity of these most cheery folk was once again amply shown by the large number of friends who came from all parts of the Riviera. Among the many guests were Mr. Guy Weir Hogg, the British Vice-Consul—who, by the way, has

had the misfortune since then to fall and break his wrist—Lady de Bathe, Sir Francis and Lady Burdett, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Brougham, the Marquis de Bucy, General Sir Ernest and Lady de Brath, General Sir William and Lady Pitcairn Campbell, General and Mrs. Chandos Pole-Gell, Lady Cunyngham, Sir Frederick Duncan, Lady de Frece, Sir William and Lady Yarmouth Jones—without whom no Monte Carlo social function seems to be complete—General Sir Alfred and Lady Knox, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, the Dowager Lady Tenterden, Lady Waleran, Lady Watts, Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips Oppenheim—who brought with them Mr. and Mrs. Alan Parsons, the latter still thought of as Viola Tree—Mrs. Norman Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett, Mr. Milton Hayes, Mrs. Marc Klaw, and Colonel and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac.

ONE of the greatest social gatherings of all in the near future does not come under the heading of a private entertainment, although nearly everyone present will

G. Gessat

THE MORNING WALK

Mr. Robert Elson, the author, photographed with Mrs. Elson, at Monte Carlo. They are seen taking a walk on the terrace

probably be more or less acquainted with everyone else. This is the gala *thé-dansant* on January 25 at the Ambassadeurs in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Mont-Boron, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and many other prominent residents. There will be special cabaret turns by famous artists and a tombola with numerous attractive prizes. A British hospital abroad makes a special appeal to the generosity of visitors, and this gala is certain to be a brilliant affair.

THE gala dinners at the Café de Paris are very bright events, and the *menus* are now under the skilled care of Umberto, who is a leader in the culinary art with a very wide personal following. Others noted in the district lately include Sir William Miller, with Captain and Mrs. Alastair Miller, Sir George Sutton, Sir Edward Lucas, Mr. E. Berry Wall—whose family perpetuates its name in Wall Street—Sir Walter and Lady Schwabe, Viscount and Viscountess Ashbrook—the latter a daughter of the late General Sir George Higginson, the beloved "Father of the Guards"—who have taken

RECENTLY MARRIED

Sir George and Lady Bettesworth Piggott, whose marriage took place recently, photographed at Nice. Sir George Bettesworth Piggott is a K.B.E. and a J.P. for the County of London

a villa near Menton for the season, and Colonel Sir Charles and Lady Wakefield, who have been over from Cannes with friends. Sir William and Lady Joynson-Hicks are spending a quiet holiday near the Italian frontier on the famous La Mortola estate, while among the honeymoon couples, who are invariably plentiful at this time of year, are Lord Glentanar and his handsome Norwegian bride, who are at Cap-Ferrat, and Mr. Gerald D'Erlanger, who recently married Miss Edyth Baker, formerly of the Ziegfeld Follies, and who is staying in Monte Carlo for a few weeks. Sir Henry and Lady Wood have arrived, and everyone is looking forward to the two concerts which the genius of Queen's Hall is to conduct. The next big event will be the arrival of the competitors in the Motor Rally from all parts of Europe, among them, of course, the Hon. Victor Bruce and his very sporting wife, who start from Stockholm.

AT Nice the principal event of the past week was the Franco-American fête at the Ruhl in honour of Admiral Burridge and the officers of the American warships in Villefranche harbour, and it went with a swing, for the officers have made themselves very popular during their month's stay here. And good-looking male dancing partners are never too plentiful on the Riviera, so their popularity has been none the less striking on that account. We are now hoping that a sympathetic Admiralty will send us out a goodly detachment of the British Mediterranean Fleet this Spring, for no Government Department could achieve greater praise, both from the Riviera residents and from the officers and men of the Fleet themselves. They were evidently enchanted with their last visit and will be only too ready to come again.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Horace W. Nicholls

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT

A picturesque view of the new sea level promenade at Monte Carlo. This encircles the Tir aux Pigeons in a series of fascinating archways

England's Great Victory at Twickenham

BEFORE THE GAME

A group of the combined teams photographed before the Rugger match between England and New South Wales at Twickenham. England overcame the Waratahs by 18 points to 11

ENGLAND ON THE DEFENSIVE

The English team photographed at a perilous moment when the Waratahs were pressing hard. Laird, the English fly-half, is seen receiving the ball prior to clearing into "touch"

Photographs

ROYALTY AT TWICKENHAM

The English fifteen photographed being presented to the Duke of York by their captain, R. Cove-Smith. The Duke is seen shaking hands with Sir T. G. Devitt, the wing-threequarter

Sport and General

WELL TACKLED, SIR!

K. A. Sellar, the English full-back, photographed in a moment of sterling defensive play. It was the sound tackling of the English fifteen in the second half that won them the game

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"Rectitudeless and non-theological dancings"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

I THINK I entirely non-exaggerate to say that I had hithertoly performed a virtuous life chock with pious deeds and theological thoughts, and had endeavoured to strenuously leave this globe in a more better state of conditions as I found it. But, alasly, to even the most purest and ethical persons there comes to arrive a time when the spirits are strong, but the meat is weak. When I arrived to Paris my mind was so blank and stainless as a new-birthed infantine and I thought to only pursue studious labours and acquire eruditions in order to polish my intelligents. Also I had made purchase a catalogue of improving spectaculars like as the *Louvre*, the *Cimetiere du Pere Lachaise*, the Tower of *Eiffel* and suchly non-carnal and intellectual entertainings.

And then a wicked temptations serpent in the so prepossessless person of Okun Ingamai, appeared himself on the scene like the fallen apple in Hon. Gardens of Eden on or about B.C.

"Should it not be an extremely O.K-ish idea to make visit the *Folies Bèrgere*, the *Moulin Rouge* or other edification spots?" requeshed Okun slyishly.

"Do these saidly spots purvey improvements to the mind and suchly mental assets?" I rebarked non-suspiciously.

"O very indeedly yes. They are entirely ecclesiastical and regarded to be 1-st class educations," impopped Okun, who had grown to already become a frightfully truthless liar.

"All so well then, perhapsly we shall enjoy the good lucks to hear some very A.1 professor person decant learned discoursings that will enormously expand our intelligents," I rejointed.

In less as a very few tics we arrived to the *Boulevard de Clichy* per taxi at more speed as a cannon projectile and muchly astonish at succeeding to find ourselves non-casualties. I made purchase our entrances (Okun being entirely financeless), but had little more as scarcely got inside, when *deux filles* (French for a brace of femns) purveyed us *deux* luscious smiles.

"Would not the *deux* (2) so handsome *monsieurs* (gents) like to make purchase us some *chocolat?*" they requeshed *à* la duet.

"*O très oui. Mon ami* will love nothing more better. Also *un bock, oui, non? Las filles auront des bocks et des chocolats*, Yogo," responsed Okun, flattering to suppose he was depicting the French tongue.

"*Monsieur, vous parlez français comme une vache espagnole,*" imbarked *une* of the *filles*.

"She informs that you speak French like as a Spanish cow," I told Okun, which caused him to suddenly deflate like an impunctured frog.

I made purchase, *bocks, cerises* and *chocolats* from my privy purse (Okun being still entirely beanless) and in not so very long times the so charming *filles* made suggest we should perform a little preamble for fresh airs.

"Should it be not more delicious to hie in a taxi? *Mon ami* are the *fil* of the Marquis d'Hama and more rich as a Croesus," impopped Okun damishly.

"*Tiens!* I rumbled you to be a wealthy because of your so exquisitely compareless face!" ejaculed *las filles* performing me tremendous kissings and embracings *à la* duet to my embarrassments.

"*Non, non!*" I rebarked. "This shall cost me more as perhapsly 20 *francs!*"

"*Le youpin!*" (French for money-grubster) ejaculed *une* of the *filles*, thusly causing the blood of the Hamas to suddenly burn in my veins.

"All so well," I responsed haughtishly. "Produce me a taxi *toot sweet!*"

A taxi appeared more quick as magic and we imboarded same. Hon. *fille* (name of Nanette) succeeded to roost on my knee, and Hon. ditto (name of Fi-fi) made also to roost on the knee of Okun.

"*O la, la, faisons la bombe!*" exclaimed Hon. Nanette, which are French for "O let us go and imbust!"

Las filles inducted us to a frightfully no-class drinkings-apartment where, to my *h.p.* embarrassments, luscious femns, almost so good as *nu*, were performing rectitudeless and non-theological dancings with ferocious *Apaches* and other savage denizons.

"Let us drink some *eau de vie de Framboises!*"

"Kogeki! Citoyens! Formez your battalions!"

ejaculed Hon. Fi-fi, "then we shall dance and sing *O la la!*"

Ma foi et mon chapeau! I almost imagined to suppose I had entirely engulped a redishly-hot poker, for saidly *eau* was 10,000 *temps* more like *feu* and before not so very long I had 3 or 5 of my sheets in the wind, while the so wretched Okun was entirely emblottoed (at completely my expenses) and declaming himself to be a serpents-charmer.

"O let us preamble *les boulevards avec* our bananas *dans* the Strand! *Je suis le* person who cracked *le banque* of Monte's Carlo!" behowled the inebriate Okun.

"*Les avis sont toujours partagés!*" (French for "and so say entirely all of us!") exclamed *las filles.* "Let us go to *Le Bal Tabarin* and have the *bons temps!*"

"*O oui, mes enfants, hijo ni yorokobimasu!*" (French and Japan for "O yes, kiddoes, I shall enjoy extreme pleasure not ½") ejaculed Okun who was now more as a 100% soberless.

"*Vive la hip, hip, banzai!*" I exclamed. "Let us melodiously intune Hon. *Marseilles,*" which we did as per follows in Anglo-Franco-Japan:

Kogeki! Citoyens!
Formez your battalions!
March-ons! March-ons!
Qu'un an alien sang,
May be nomi mono sillons!

"'*Achi ike!*' responsed the so virtueless Okun"

I are non-able to adequately depict the immediate transpirings, but on retrieving my recollections, I discovered to find myself *dans le* gutter completely *sans* garments except *mon* socks *et mon sous pantalons.* Not more as a few yards away, Okun was also very *hors de combat* with only his *chemise d'homme* and *un* sock to his *nom.*

"I trust to sincerely hope, Okun, that this will educate you a lesson to non-pursue *les filles* but, *au contraire,* to seek only pious entertainings," I informed saddishly.

"*Achi ike!*" responsed the so virtueless Okun, which are a Japan insolents that I shall non-demean my pen to translate.

Yogo Hama

Up, The Terriers!

SPORT BREEDS SPORTS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY'S *the* day (Wednesday) for British Terriers. There are more than fifteen separate breeds, all well loved, and all separately catered for—near four hundred classes—in the National Terrier Club's great Show at the Crystal Palace, under the presidency of that keen Terrier fancier, the Duchess of Newcastle. The Pekingese Club has a Show in Marylebone to-day, and there will be a Collie Show in Manchester.

Talking of Terriers—"Where will you find anything on four or two feet gamer than the little Sealyham?" asks an enthusiastic North Country reader. "Mr. Tench, of Blaydon-on-Tyne, has one who was caught by a fall of earth in a fox-hole on November 9 last, and mourned as lost. Three solid weeks later, on December 2, he fought his way out of the grave, and struggled into his own home, little more than a skeleton, but game and sound as ever at heart. Can you beat it?" Not very easily. It certainly is sport that breeds sports. The writer knows Pekingese and Griffons who, living with such keen hunters as Dandies and Hounds, and sharing their hedge-side adventures, have become game as little badgers.

The spread of the Dog-racing vogue is wonderfully general. A track is to be opened at Giza, near Cairo, next month, and *Our Dogs* reports that 200 Greyhounds, with their trainers, recently left the Thames for Egypt in a single shipment. No wonder the Greyhound breeders are busy, or that enterprising dealers look far and wide for the fleetest stock, including such fast buck-hunting countries as South Africa. But the best English stock will take a deal of beating, and in such counties as Cornwall, for instance, there are very fast unregistered Hounds to be picked up.

Two London Dog dealers were recently fined ten pounds apiece in Manchester (and full costs) for an offence that merits severer penalties than any fine. They sent a puppy from one end of England to the other (a 24-hour journey, to be exact) in a box measuring 20×16×11 inches. The box was 11 inches high, and the pup 15 inches. It reached its destination in a pitiable condition, but still alive. It's puzzling that dealers capable of this kind of thing can find customers among people who care for Dogs, or are decent folk at all. There's no excuse for dealing with such riff-raff. Every known breed has its clubs in this country. Addresses can be had from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, and from them can be obtained the names of real *breeders* in every district, whose kennels may be visited. Definite regulations ought to be laid down regarding Dogs' travelling boxes to ensure a decent margin of safety and comfort; and the railway companies should refuse acceptance for despatch of inadequately boxed animals.

From a reader in Boston comes the agreeable assurance that: "Just as there are no Dogs in any other country to touch the best bred in England, so the home Doggy Press and publications are streets ahead of any I have seen abroad. I can find nothing here to touch our *Kennel Gazette,* and my Christmas numbers of *Our Dogs* and *The Dog World* are the envy of every American Dog-fancying friend who sees them; beautiful productions, and on the practical side fit tributes to British dogdom." Thank you! Another is that of the P.D.S.A., *The Animals' Advocate* (14, Clifford Street, W.1), worthy of its always interesting monthly issues; and the Christmas number of *Spillers' Quarterly Journal* (40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3) is packed with good pictures and sound practical information for Dog-owners, especially on the vital mattter of feeding.

Cold-weather sleeping quarters for Dogs—please note the essential points are complete freedom from two real perils, draughts and damp, and the provision of some such adequate litter as clean straw. Overhead ventilation as much as you like; but bed-level damp or draughts are deadly.

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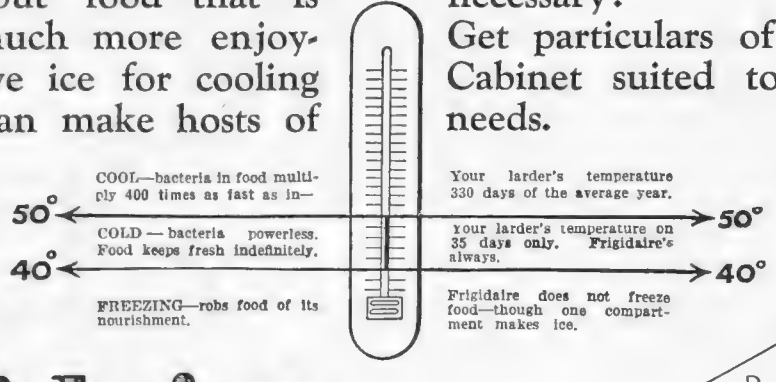

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HUNTING NOTES

By A. W COATEN

IN THE SADDLE

The Hon. Ivor Guest ready for a day's sport. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Pytchley, which took place at Stowe Nine Churches, near Weedon, in Northamptonshire

MODERN DIANAS

Four fair followers of the Old Berkeley photographed at the meet at Hartwell, near Aylesbury. They are Miss May Seaton (left), Miss Ruth Terry, Miss Joan Terry, and Miss Judy Hall

Dull Times

TIMES have been exceedingly dull in Leicestershire since Christmas, the regulations of the Ministry of Agriculture having made it impossible to resume hunting over a wide area in the Midlands. The Pytchley, however, have been able to keep going, and the Masters of this pack have considered it prudent to issue a notice to the effect that capping facilities are suspended for the time being. No surprise need be felt that this precaution has been taken. In these days of rampant foot-and-mouth troubles M.F.H.s are bound to protect the farmers over whose land they hunt. With every desire to be sympathetic towards members of neighbouring hunts whose hunting has been stopped, Masters would be ill-advised to allow their fields to be overrun with non-subscribers at this particular time. Fortunately, the situation gives every promise of taking a favourable turn. Comparatively few fresh cases of foot-and-mouth have been notified since the big outbreak at Christmas time. With reasonable luck the majority of the packs who have been at a standstill should be hunting at the end of the month. It is aggravating, after all the drastic measures adopted by the authorities, that the cattle scourge should have been almost as acute in some places this season as it was two years ago.

New Belvoir Masters

MEMBERS of the Belvoir Hunt are to be congratulated on having satisfactorily settled the question of the future Mastership of the pack. A solution to the problem has been found in the appointment of two keen sportsmen to fill the Joint-Mastership. One is Mr. Charles Tonge, who at present hunts the Newmarket and Thurlow country, and the other is Mr. Peter Ackroyd, a well-known follower of the Belvoir and neighbouring packs. During the present winter Mr. Tonge has been hunting hounds in his good plough country, and it is understood that he has arranged with the Belvoir Hunt Committee to be his own huntsman two days a week next season. Presumably he will take on the job on those occasions when hounds are hunting on the Lincolnshire side. For the more fashionable Leicestershire side a professional huntsman is to be employed, and I have no doubt that this arrangement will meet with the approval of the majority of the members of the Hunt.

Photographs *Topical*

BEFORE THE RUN

Another photograph taken at the recent meet of the Old Berkeley at Hartwell, near Aylesbury. Lady Currie is seen above waiting for hounds to move off

Amateur Huntsmen

IT is not too much to say that amateur huntsmen have never been altogether popular in the Midland countries, though some of them have shown that they have little to learn from the professionals. For example, Lord Stalbridge has done well in the Fernie country, where he had a stiff and unenviable task in following such a great favourite and master of his craft as Arthur Thatcher. The reputation which Lord Stalbridge gained in Wiltshire as a dashing fox-catcher has not been belied in the Market Harborough country, where he has killed his fair share of foxes and provided some excellent sport under rather difficult conditions. He has been ably assisted in the Mastership by Major Harold Wernher, and it is a misfortune for the Fernie that they have recently handed in their resignations. This means that the High Leicestershire pack must now be added to the list of those who will have to undergo a change of *personnel* at the end of the season.

The Grafton

SOME packs are finding it by no means easy to secure new M.F.H.s. The Grafton country, for example, is still vacant. At the general meeting of this Hunt last week Sir Charles Knightley had to inform the members that it had not yet been possible to appoint a successor to Lord Hillingdon, and the sub-committee appointed for that purpose was authorised to take further steps. Earlier in the week these hounds had enjoyed some excellent sport from Maidford. Their followers were all the more fortunate in that sport did not rise to a high level with most of

Photo Illus.

A CHILDREN'S MEET

A photograph of the recent meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow at the kennels, Felbridge, near East Grinstead, Surrey. This was a special Children's Meet, and was well patronised by the young folk

Topical

WITH THE GARTH

The Marquess of Downshire and Lord Dorchester photographed at a recent meet of the Garth at Easthampstead Park, the Marquess of Downshire's seat near Wokingham. Lieut.-Col. Lord Dorchester is Joint-Master of the Garth

the packs which were out on the same afternoon. The Bicester, however, did well after their appointment at Stratton Audley Hall, and there seems to be every prospect that the excellent fun shown by Clarence Johnston and his hounds before Christmas will be repeated in the second half of the season.

Polo Novices

I AM glad to observe those associated with the Roehampton Club are taking immediate steps to combat the suggestion that polo recruits do not get a square deal at the London clubs. It has lately been stated that beginners are not wanted at those clubs, are too frequently treated as a nuisance by expert players, and are left to shift for themselves by the various managements. Further, it is suggested that the novices are often preyed on by the dealers in polo ponies. Lt.-Col. Charles D. Miller, the managing director of the Roehampton Club, states in a letter written to me last week that anybody who is anxious to take up polo and wants advice should get into touch with him. He writes:—"I shall be only too glad to help, and will go further by offering to form, free of charge, a course of lectures to be held at Roehampton in the first four months of this year. I will also place at the use of the beginners a practice ground and polo pit. It must, however, be remembered that there are only seven polo grounds in London, so that in addition to the help we are able to give here beginners should also try to arrange for some practice in the country." Colonel Miller adds that some well-known players have consented to assist him in this scheme, while Lt.-Col. E. M. Perry, an eminent veterinary surgeon, has also offered to help in the direction of horse and stable management. It would now seem to be up to polo tyros to get into touch with the Roehampton management without delay.

A. W. C.

Alfieri

IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Some of those who attended the recent meet of the Grafton at Courteen Hall, Northampton. The photograph shows Major and Mrs. Williams (right) with their children

IF PAN CAME TO LONDON—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Capri"

LONDON, *January* 16.

DEAR COUSIN,—

WHAT a simply terribly entertaining world this is, to be sure, just now, outdoor *or* indoors. Out in *pleine lune* or *soleil* (if any) for one thing, because, after all, the year's turned, and already there's been a whisper. A whisper or two, in fact, of—well, not sure exactly what, but a sort of re-beginning of things, as you might say. Seems as if snow, ice, and floods, and so on, had brought it on almost before its time, if only by contrast. . . . A kind of smiling, murmuring promise or glimpse of what's to come, and when it does come'll be that most wonderful of words that one hardly dares even to breathe yet—Spring. Perfectly absurd, of course, to mention it so soon, but there somehow it's been. The lightest and faintest of semi-zephyrs, the barest suspicion of a ghost of a hoof-mark of Pan on the slopes and glades that are scarcely free yet from those other traces of the luge and the ski. But he's passed, I'm sure—and had, anyway, a fleeting glance at the kingdom-to-be that always every year somehow he manages to win again. . . .

卐

THAT Pan—a fearfully pagan god he certainly is, and wouldn't be at all at home really in the rigours of an English winter. Seeing that in winter, meseems, we *are* just a bit inclined, if you come to think of it, to be more especially and particularly and inexorably what they call true to type. Or, in other words, what our climate and Puritan ancestors and Queen Victoria (God bless her!) and the Scottish and Teutonic invasions have made us, not to mention what the rest of Europe expects of us—and we know what a lot suggestion counts for, these psycho-analytical days, don't we? I mean, not too frightfully hearty official welcome there wouldn't be for Pan if he came to London any day, I don't suppose, not complete with frankly hoofish hoofs and so on, but more especially and decisively and indubitably that red carpet wouldn't be put down, or flags flown, or lunch held at Guildhall if it happened to be one of our own special sort of December, or even early January, days.

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AND to talk of Pan, *and* Americans, hast read yet, I wonder, Mr. Compton Mackenzie's latest, called "Vestal Fire"? Because that's about both, however odd, mark you, the combination may seem. *Quant à ce cher.* Mackenzie—well, words well-nigh fail me, writing as I do, anyway, from this wintry, not to say frostily, Puritan clime. My dear, this is really quite one of the boldest, and also most amusing, things I've read in years—anyway, of the ones published publicly, and, of course, the others don't count. Not that I know anything of *them*, of course. And if I hadn't had it from Mudie's—but then that's just the beauty of it, isn't is?—because if it's p.b.m. (or passed by Mudie's), you know, it must be quite *safe*, however astonishing.

"Or *Soleil* (if any)"

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ALL about an island called Sirene it is, which is, of course, a fascinating name. And as there's a palace of Tiberius on it, and it's in the Bay of Naples, and so on, and as the author's known to've spent quite a slice of his still brief but scintillating life on a somewhat similar sort of island, Capri by name—well, won't say one single solitary word more, being well-nigh hopelessly discreet, but just leave you to draw your own conclusions, as they say.

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ODD, and what one might almost call Pan-ish, things happen on this island, by the way—but then Pan always *did* have rather more influence under the Sun and in places where he shines, didn't he? There was an English nobleman, *par exemple*, who made a regular practice of walking down to pay visits in Sirene with nothing on but a top-hat, but there was one lady who would never allow him in if any young unmarried girls were present, which everybody used to think so sweet and old-fashioned of her. And oh, what a wonderful colony they were in Capri—I mean Sirene—before the War! About two-thirds American at least, apparently, and mostly terribly rich, and just writing, or painting, masterpieces just for the fun of the thing and to pass the time and all that.

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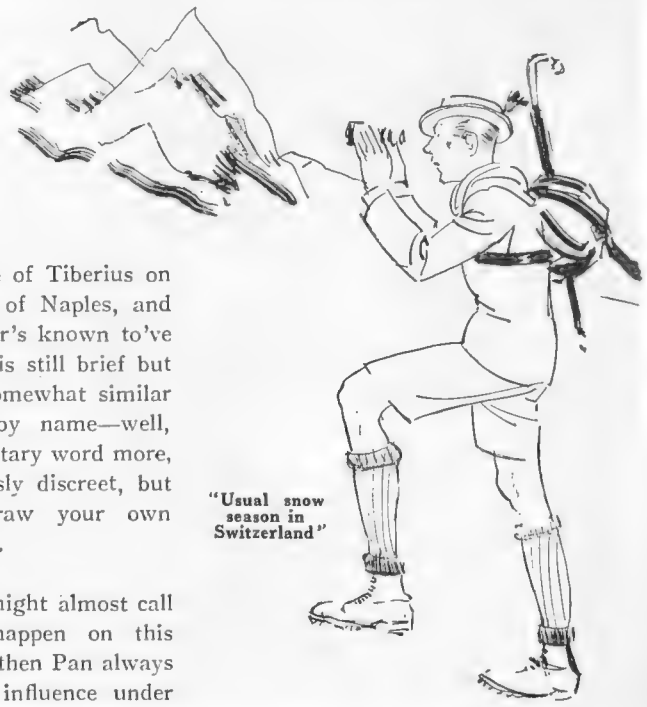
AND what a contrast, too, to pass on just for a while to another book of the moment, and one of the very most popular ones, too—or, anyway, I'm sure it's going to be. To wit, and that is to say, dear Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest, which is called "So Much Good." All about a girl, it is, who has a trip from Australia to England and back, and an affair thrown in (oh, that "steamer-love"!). And then she marries once or twice, or, anyway, things happen, but she's really



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a good girl all through, you know. And finally she meets her first lover again, and then—

Suddenly he had caught the whole sweetness of her to him. Suddenly he was lifting her, carrying her, kissing her—and she was answering his kisses, feverishly, her mouth blotted against his mouth, her body crushing itself against his body where they sat together, her knees trembling, her hands twining, linking the yoke of her arms about his neck . . .

Yes, dear Cousin, that's the stuff to give thrillions to the millions, as you might say, what?

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TALKING of our sweet young English girls, by the way, usual attacks on them still going on, of course, and even the famous "T.P." saying every one of us ought to marry at eighteen (with husband aged twenty-one), so's to keep us out of mischief, I suppose, as the ancient Victorians, one gathers, used to call it. And someone else says girls are too terribly all alike and dress and talk the same way, but here's yet another who actually remarks on the power and charm and sheer delightfulness of the girl of to-day—so who *are* you to believe? No one feminine anyway, meesems, because, after all . . . but no matter.

"Scottish and Teutonic invasions"

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SIGNS of the coming Season there are beginning to be already, you know, what with the lists of prospective debs. more or less closed some days ago and all. Though lots are going to be away quite a while yet, and, in fact, only just properly started usual snow season in Switzerland they have, which you can do *de luxe* at St. Moritz or anywhere else for choice. Only whatever happens mustn't forget dance and fancy dress frocks, which are really *most* important of all. New Spring fashions coming out in a week or two, by the way, and I'll just whisper to you a word thereof. Faint palish shades of blue and pink and green and beige to be in the mode, though usual black and navy blue still very much in existence. Talking about frocks—anyway, frocks of afternoon ilk—we shall want our brightest and best for the new *apéritif dansants* that have been instituted at Uncle's Club. Barrie Oliver, of the nimble feet, seems to have had a brain wave in that he thinks (and quite rightly so) that cocktail *dansants* should be as popular as the teetotal efforts. Methinks the call to "Barrie's Bar" will be hard to resist.

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

Service Magazines

Of latter years there has been a steady growth in the popularity of the "Service Magazines," and these productions have attained a high standard of literary merit. Two Service magazines at hand are particularly interesting, and they are the January number of *The Fighting Forces* and the Christmas number of *The Halton Magazine*, the former being described as "a quarterly magazine for the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Royal Air Force," while the latter is the production of the R.A.F., Halton, and is most attractively got up.

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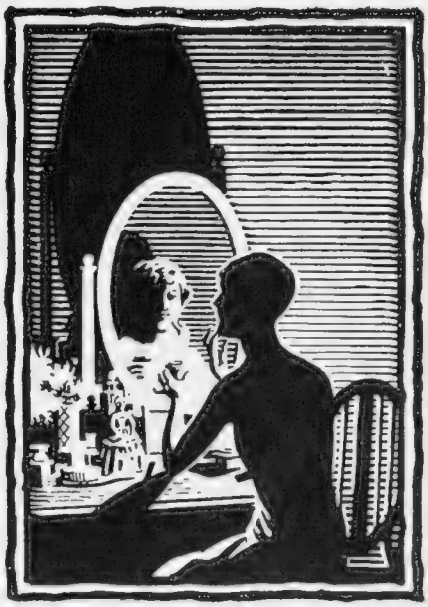
The Reconstructed front with its façade of Roman Stone, decorated with exquisite gilt hand-wrought ironwork (made in England) and coloured enamel work, illuminated at night by a soft, opalescent glow, gives a lead for brighter buildings in London.



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Not only after each long exposure to the open air, but also the last thing at night, just before bedtime, you should make liberal use of *Pond's Cold Cream*, for only in this way can you be sure of perfect cleanliness. And cleanliness is important, as any skin specialist will tell you.

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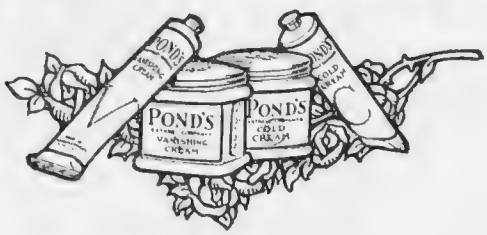

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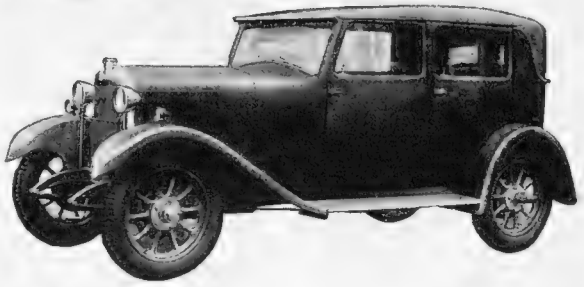

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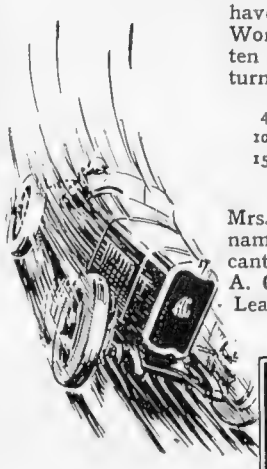
The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Bruce, driving in turn an A.C. 6-cyl. Car at Montlhery Track, have broken many Class E, and the following World's Records (subject to confirmation) in ten days, despite 21 hrs. delay owing to overturning on the ice-bound track.

4,000 Miles .. 78.8 m.p.h. 5,000 Miles .. 78.1 m.p.h.
10,000 Kms. .. 77.3 m.p.h. 10,000 Miles .. 66 4 m.p.h.
15,000 Kms. .. 75.7 m.p.h. 20,000 Kms. .. 66.7 m.p.h
15,000 Miles .. .. .. 68.1 m.p.h



Mrs. Bruce cabled "My A.C. running like a dynamo on CASTROL. It has proved a perfect lubricant." Naturally!—for remember that Messrs. A. C. (Acedes) Cars Ltd. and over 230 other Leading Motor Manufacturers recommend—

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MOTOR NOTES

A STANDARD IN THE SNOW

A Standard 14/28 h.p. "Farnham" fabric saloon photographed in wintry circumstances. The snow-bound lane is near Knowle, in Warwickshire

THOSE who were privileged to be present will long remember the recent gathering at the Hotel Cecil to welcome back the Hon. and Mrs. Victor Bruce, after a drive that will go down to history as one of the pluckiest ever undertaken by a British team—and that is saying something. For nearly ten days and nights, taking the wheel in turns, they drove their Sports A.C. "Six" round Montlhéry Track, Paris, until most of the long-distance records up to 15,000 miles had been handsomely beaten. I do not quite understand why this stupendous effort should have been made during winter, when the chances were that some kind of weather or other would handicap them unfairly. But there it was, and the weather turned out to be about as atrocious as it could be. Every kind of adversity was experienced—fog, snow, sleet, rain, and Scotch mist.

***

AT length, when a fine layer of snow had begun to lie in one part of the track, Mr. Bruce skidded and ended up by overturning his car in a field on the inside of the track. Most fortunately he suffered only slight injuries and, what is more marvellous, the car required very little attention before it was able to proceed. But 15 hours were lost, and the wonder is that even after such a delay they were still far enough ahead to finish up two whole days in front of the previous record. Amongst the equipment used was, appropriately enough, B.P. spirit, for which they have high praise. Naturally, much depended on the lubricant, and it is significant to learn that this was the famous Wakefield's Castrol oil, which has figured in so many road and track successes. The plugs were K.L.G.

***

SPORTSMEN who wield the fishing-rod will be interested in an attractive little folder recently published by Shell-Mex, Ltd., on the question of road surface dressings and how they affect fish in streams into which the roads drain. The last of the products resulting from the refining of oil is bitumen, which is the main constituent in asphalte, the great rival to tar as a material for road surfacing. For months past controversy has raged around the question as to which of the two is the better for this purpose, and it will not be settled until the asphalte interests come forward into the public eye and state their case, as the tar interests have done. The present folder, however, deals with another and very serious aspect of the tar "nuisance"—as it might well be called—for there is no denying that, whatever its merits when properly applied, tar applied as it is in nine cases out of ten to-day is one of the worst nuisances with which road users have to contend. Where drainage from the roads has access to rivers and streams it is important that no poisonous constituents should flow off the road. Bitumen, being absolutely impervious to water, does not give off any effluent whatever, whereas tar is partially soluble and contains poisonous constituents which are washed off by rain and drained off into adjoining rivers and streams. There are many places where drainage from the roads does not have sufficiently direct access to rivers or streams, and in such cases there is no objection to tar. Elsewhere ratepayers and others interested ought to see that non-poisonous materials are used. The folder may be obtained from Shell-Mex, Ltd., (Mexphalte Div.), Kingsway, W.C.2.

A CAR *DE LUXE*

An enclosed drive limousine on a 6½-litre Bentley chassis by Van den Plas (England). This model is fitted throughout with Triplex Safety Glass

FOLLOWERS of the Hillman stable have seen the steady growth of this Coventry firm. It will have been noticed that practically ever since the war this company has concentrated on one model only, and since their "fourteen" was introduced the growth of business has been truly phenomenal. In July of last year it was found necessary to extend the works very considerably to cope with the ever-increasing demand. Fortunately Captain J. P. Black and his co-director still have a considerable extent of open country behind the existing factory, and with characteristic energy they put the matter in hand at once. By the second week in December an entirely new building for the manufacture of bodies was completed. This shop is 520ft. long and 60ft. wide, and has two stories over half its area. Its great size and the clever way in which it has been laid out will enable an output of up to 200 bodies per week to be reached.

***

READERS will be interested to learn that the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam car, on which Major Segrave set up the present world's record speed of 203 m.p.h., was shipped last month to Australia, where it will be exhibited at the British Trade Exhibition at Melbourne from February 23 to April 10 next. This Exhibition, promoted by the Australian Association of British Manufacturers, and their representatives, is confined entirely to products of the United Kingdom, and is the first "All-British" show of the kind ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. I am informed that the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam will be the only motor car on view representing the British motor industry. The venue is the Melbourne Exhibition Building, originally built by the Government of Victoria to house the first great International Exhibition held in Australia. This building has a floor area roughly equal to that of Olympia. The car was first clamped to the base of its packing-case and the remainder of the case built around it.

E. M. WRIGHT.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

A smart advance Spring model, with an embroidered felt crown and a brim of straw, hails from Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Fashion favours a narrow turned brim of straw . . . on a hat with a crown of soft taffetas, on which are appliqué embroidered motifs. (Messrs. Gorringe)

Photograph's *Elwin Neame*

The charm of the new eye veil. Worn with a close-fitting shape of black satin, trimmed with corrugated burnished tinsel (Messrs. Gorringe)

Riviera Fashions

It is to the Riviera that we must look at the moment for the early Spring fashions, for it is there that the latest models from the Paris collections are being "tried out," and what the South wears to-day we ourselves will wear very soon—next week perhaps, weather permitting! This season Fashion favours more than ever the debonair type of garment that is included in the elastic term "sports clothes," which doesn't, of course, in the language of the dress world, mean garments in which to shoot or fish or to play strenuous games, or, indeed, anything utilitarian at all, but something very attractive indeed that can be worn on practically every informal occasion.

The Latest Rendering of the Three-piece

The three-piece in its latest aspect consists of a jumper-dress of woven silk or wool in a striped or checked design, and an overcoat of tweed, either hip length or the new seven-eighths length, harmonising with the colour of the dress. Or a more dressy affair will have a sleeveless jumper and a skirt of *crêpe de Chine*, the latter pleated and contrasting in colour with the jumper; thus a beige skirt will be worn with a red jumper, and the short coat of crepella or fancy tweed that completes the *ensemble* will match the skirt. And, last but not least, the four-piece must be taken into consideration, with its skirt of woollen fabric, silk overblouse, and woollen cardigan and top coat.

Scarf Collars and Scarves

Scarf collars and scarves are important features on all garments of this type; also kerchiefs, usually loosely knotted on the shoulder, made of the same material as the dress, or of *crêpe de Chine*, that either matches or contrasts. When these are patterned the pattern usually takes the form of big, bold spots. Borders are important, too, both striped and plain, and are largely used for trimming the edges of pockets, collars and revers. For afternoon dresses of the formal type satin is the most fashionable material of all, though georgette, *crêpe Romain* and marocain find many adherents, and quite a number of models, designed on coat-frock lines, are carried out in lightweight woollen materials such as kasha, crepella, etc.

Embroidery as a Hat Trimming

Embroidery has deserted dresses for millinery, and braid, coarse thread, silk, wool and lace are all used to embellish the new Spring hats. Coloured *appliqués* on parchment lace are, for instance, most effective on black satin models; so are applications of straw on felt, a narrow straw braid or plait being used for the purpose. Brims are in again, and in some cases are, of quite an appreciable size. They are seen on close-fitting models, too, and are then of the "turned-up" variety, and one-sided effects are very fashionable indeed. So, with millinery promising to be far more interesting than it has been for some time past, it is a foolish woman indeed who does not betake herself quickly to Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, where the advance guard of new Spring hats has already arrived. The dark days of Winter will soon be "things of the past," and the sun, warmly as we welcome him, has an unpleasant little habit of showing up imperfections, especially in headgear. Three of the many attractive models to be found in the millinery department have been specially photographed for The Bystander. The one on the left has a felt crown (on which are *appliqué* embroidered motifs) and a brim of straw (£3 17*s*. 9*d*.). A crown of embroidered taffetas and a narrow brim of fine straw distinguish the one on the right (65*s*. 9*d*.), and in the centre an extremely smart model of satin, trimmed with corrugated burnished tinsel, displays one of the new eye veils (52*s*. 9*d*.). With Spring in the offing surely some new hats are every woman's prerogative?

The Importance of Jewels

Now that the New Year has been rung in we may look for the disclosure of some fashion secrets regarding not only my lady's frocks and millinery, but also the jewels that put the finishing touch to her toilette. And one of these is concerned with the fact that the smart world is wearing either pearls or gems rich in colour, with which the various frocks in the wardrobe blend. A pearl necklace, perfectly matched and graduated—pearl earrings, that provide a

becoming finish to the modern *coiffure*—the single stone pearl ring, that so perfectly sets off a pretty hand! What could be a more exquisite finish to to-day's simple, graceful styles? Especially when the pearls are Técla pearls, one of the most marvellous discoveries of science, possessing all the radiance, delicacy of texture and subtle variations of light and shade of the deep-sea pearl. As with Tecla pearls, so it is with Técla gems, perfect replicas of the world's choicest sapphires, rubies and emeralds that, in conjunction with real diamonds, combine artistic beauty with the originality of effect that modern taste demands. Those seeking personal adornment or a gift that is graceful in expression should choose it at The Técla Salons—by post if a personal visit is impossible. No. 7, Old Bond Street, W., is the address of the London establishment.

Yvonne Gregory

A necklace of Técla Pearls, perfectly matched and graduated, radiant and delicate of texture, puts the finishing touch to the toilette of the Smart Woman

One of the Season's New Fabrics

FABRICS are every bit as important as styles when it comes to ordering new clothes, and quite one of the loveliest materials of the season is Celanese marocain, used in the photograph on this page for the expression of one of the latest Celanese model garments, that combines with its long, graceful line, soft drapery and high collar the more salient features of the new fashions. The same fabric in a contrasting colour is used for the borders. Celanese garments, designed in accordance with the latest decrees of Paris and obtainable at all leading drapers, can be described as the "last word" in smartness and grace, just as Celanese fabrics, rich, soft and supple, offer "the usefulness of cotton and linen, the warmth of wool, and the luxury of silk." All these, of course, are purchasable from the best drapers and stores, the range including Celanese satin, surah and taffetas, crêpe-knit, etc. Most lovely things have a romantic history, and certainly Celanese has—a product of the war, first used to protect fragile aeroplane wings from the effects of the sun and rain. Its value then lay in its possession of the scientific quality of insulation, and it is this special quality that renders it to-day so valuable a material for every form of garment.

Sasha

A lovely gown of Celanese marocain, bordered with the same fabric in a contrasting shade, sponsors, with its long lines, graceful drapery and high collar, all that is most attractive in the Season's styles.

Bien Coiffe

IT is impossible to foretell whether or not 1928 will see the death of the shingle, for on this, as on most important subjects, experts differ considerably. But in a world of uncertainty it is at least quite certain that a large number of women are growing their hair again. How, then, to maintain an attractive *bien soigné* appearance during the transition period? That is a question which is considerably agitating the feminine contingent at the moment, and to which a transformation from the Universal Hair Co., 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., supplies the answer. These, with absolutely natural skin partings and carried out in soft, glossy, wavy hair, ensure neatness and smartness under all conditions; and, what is more, a style of *coiffure* that is absolutely up to date, often a difficult matter of achievement for the busy woman with her own hair. Every description of ornamental hair work is undertaken by the Universal Hair Co. and carefully and promptly executed, including the switches which the fashionable woman—*garçonne* by day, assumes with her evening toilette, when to be feminine is to be fashionable. But it is seeing that is believing, and this it is within every woman's power to do, whether she lives in town or country, for a line to the Universal Hair Co. will bring a catalogue by return, in which the terms on which goods will be supplied on approval are fully described.

Driving in Luxury

GAIETY during the month of January inevitably entails many long, chilly motor drives, and on these there can be no greater comfort than a Motoluxe motor rug. These rugs are as warm as fur but as light as a feather, and they really do hold the warmth. They are made in fifteen fur tints to match the upholstery of almost any car, and the price is five guineas. Motoluxe also manufacture a deliciously comfortable foot muff which really will warm up the coldest feet, and a pram rug that is the finest protection against the cold for any precious infant. In our issue of December 14 the price of the pram rug was erroneously given as 25*s*. It should be 35*s*. to 40*s*., according to quality. Will our readers please note that the latter prices are correct?

The Spring Silhouette

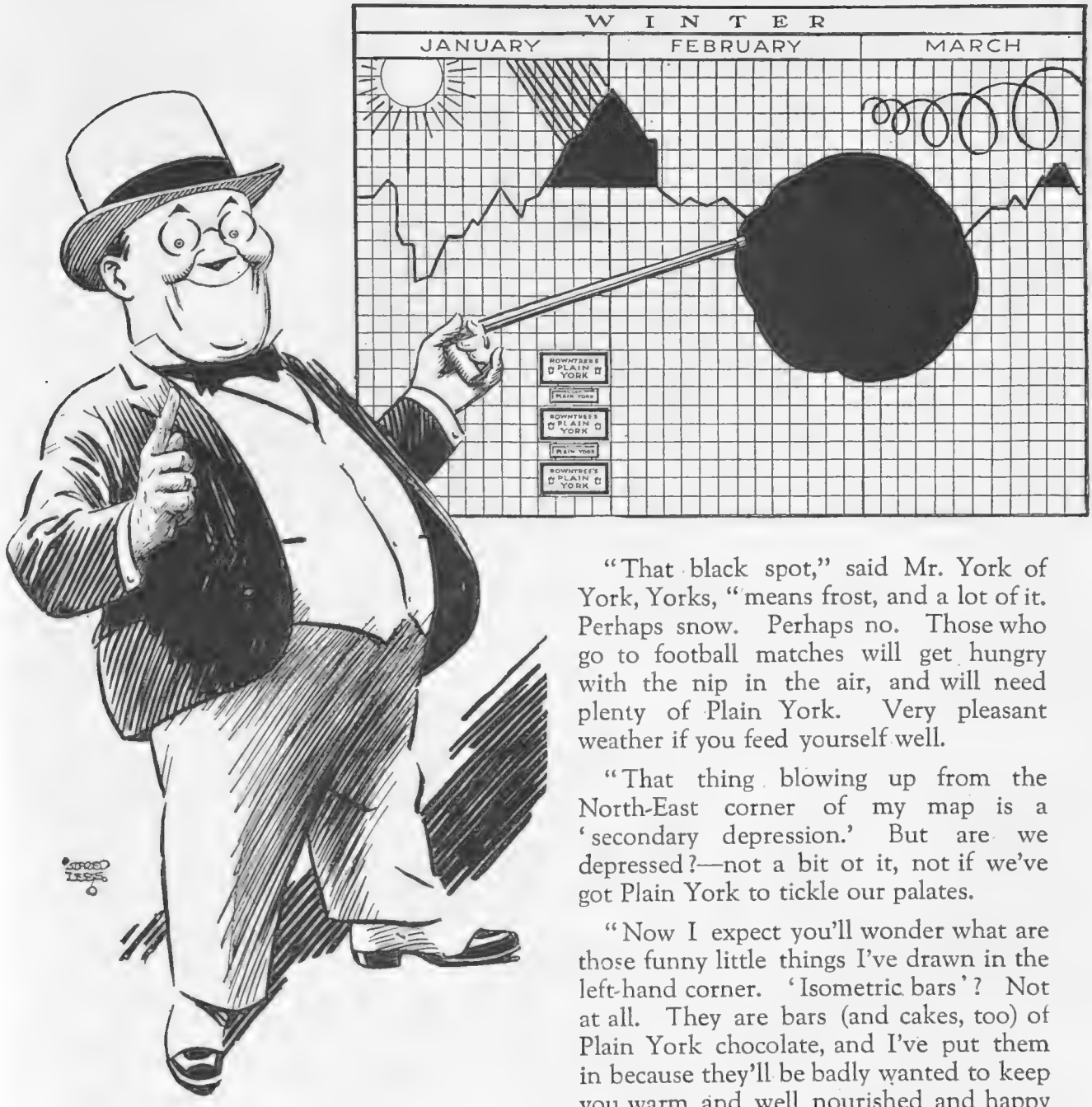
WITH Fashion taking what may be described as a more feminine turn, correct corsetry is more than ever important in the dress scheme, for clothes, however attractive, must inevitably fail in effect if the corsets, as well as fitting perfectly, are not designed on the right lines. That is why well-dressed woman swear by Jenyns Supporting and Reducing Corsetry (stocked by most leading drapers at prices ranging from 15*s*. 11*d*. upwards), by means of which the figure is comfortably and hygienically moulded into the lines of grace that La Mode demands to-day and proper support assured. Every woman will be interested in the beautifully illustrated free booklet on the subject, which will be sent by return of post in a plain sealed envelope on application to Jenyns Corsetry, Dept. No. 5, Libertyland, Market Harborough.

Good Teeth

WHAT an asset they are! Not only so far as the appearance is concerned, but the health too. One of the grimmest dangers that the teeth have to face in these days is pyorrhœa, that insiduous disease of the gums that penalises, after the age of forty is passed, four out of five of the population—to say nothing of the many younger victims of the same malady. It is preventive measures that count, and the regular use of "Forhans" for the gums (to be obtained at all chemists) prevents pyrrohœa if used in time, and checks its course if it has already begun its devastating attack. In addition, this preparation keeps the gums firm and the teeth white

Plain Mr. York's weather forecast

A Chocolate BARometer



"That black spot," said Mr. York of York, Yorks, "means frost, and a lot of it. Perhaps snow. Perhaps no. Those who go to football matches will get hungry with the nip in the air, and will need plenty of Plain York. Very pleasant weather if you feed yourself well.

"That thing blowing up from the North-East corner of my map is a 'secondary depression.' But are we depressed?—not a bit of it, not if we've got Plain York to tickle our palates.

"Now I expect you'll wonder what are those funny little things I've drawn in the left-hand corner. 'Isometric bars'? Not at all. They are bars (and cakes, too) of Plain York chocolate, and I've put them in because they'll be badly wanted to keep you warm and well nourished and happy during the hard spell that's coming. The 2d. Bars, of course, are specially for the children."

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The Soho School of Cookery

The result of Crosse and Blackwell's lectures and demonstrations on the art of cooking is the establishment of the Soho School of Cookery at 20, Soho Square, which was recently opened by Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P. There the most modern and proved methods of cookery are taught under ideal conditions. Students can take practical tuition from highly qualified instructors in everything, from the preparation of the food and the utensils to the prosaic but necessary operation of washing up. Such masters as Alexis Soyer, Qualliotte, Leconte, and Francatelli will impart just what is best by the best methods of teaching.

Appealing Perfumes

Houbigant, "Quelques Fleurs" Perfume, Face Powder, and Toilet Preparations are known to women the world over, and there are many other Houbigant perfumes, such as "Le Temps de Lilas," "Subtilité," "En Visite," "Rose France," and "Premier Mai," which, though less widely known, are rapidly coming into favour. Then there are also even more subtle perfumes such as "D'Argeville," "Un Peu d'Ambre," and "Mon Boudoir," which appeal to those who would like something exclusive.

Ladies are invited to visit the showrooms of Messrs. Parfumeries de Paris, Ltd., at 90, Regent Street, where many such famous perfumes can be tested.

Plays of St. Francis

During this week the University College, London, Dramatic Society is again giving two series of the Little Plays of St. Francis, by Laurence Housman. This is the fourth year in which the plays have been produced at the College, and this year's production will include performances of "The Revellers," "Fellow Prisoners," "Brief Life," "The Bride Feast," "Our Lady of Poverty," "The Builder," "Brother Ass," "The Chapter," "Order of Release," and "Sister Death." The music used will be the incidental music of the famous composer, Rutland Boughton, the founder of the Glastonbury Festival School of Music Drama. Full particulars of this series of plays may be obtained from O. V. Lawley, Esq., University College, Gower Street, W.C.1.

An Artistic Production

The Agenda P.L.M. for 1928, which has recently been issued, is a remarkably useful and artistic production that reflects every credit on those responsible for its conception on behalf of the Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, by whom it is issued. Not only does it contain a diary for the year, in which sufficient space is given to allow lengthy entries to be made, but it also contains many articles of real interest dealing with the localities covered by or reached through the medium of the P.L.M. Railway. Of coloured plates there are very many, all of which are excellently reproduced. Among the most striking are the "Ligne Ferrée Des Alpes en Hiver," by Alfred Rigny, and "Le Pont Du Gard," from the brush of Louis Montagné. A copy of this really delightful production can be purchased for 2s. 6d. from the company's office at 179, Piccadilly, London, W., or it can be sent post free for 3s. 3d.

Photographs IN FANCY DRESS *Lafayette*

Miss Eileen Kimpton (left) and her brother, Michael, as they appeared at the Children's Fancy Dress Ball given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. They are the children of Mr. C. W. Kimpton, of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son

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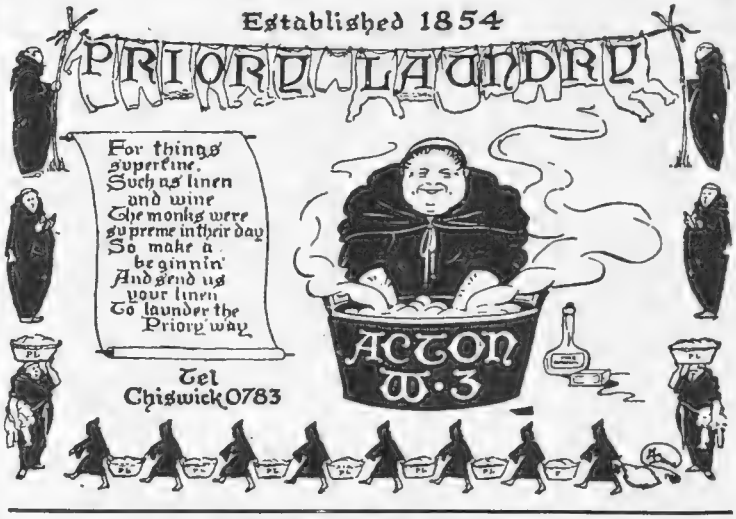

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Salmon Cutlets.
Roast Loin of Lamb with Mushroom Stuffing.
Cauliflower au Parmesan.
Novel Dessert Dish.
Anchovy and Tomato Toast (a Savoury).

Salmon Cutlets

Cut some slices of salmon about an inch thick from any part of a salmon; the tail-end makes the neater cutlets; season each one with pepper and salt, spread a little butter on, place them in a fireproof dish, cover with greaseproof paper, and then bake them in a hot oven. Serve with melted butter, cucumber or green peas, and new potatoes.

Roast Loin of Lamb with Mushroom Stuffing

Have boned a loin of lamb. Prepare a stuffing by chopping half a pound of mushrooms, which have been previously peeled, washed and drained. To this add 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of sherry, and a beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper, and a grate of nutmeg, and mix well. Put the prepared stuffing on the cut side of the loin of lamb, fold in the end neatly, then wrap it in a piece of buttered greaseproof paper. Cook in a hot oven for about 1½ hours, basting it from time to time. Make a gravy in the usual way, and serve roasted potatoes and currant jelly with it.

Cauliflower au Parmesan

Choose four very small white cauliflowers, cut off the stalks and stems so that they will stand nicely in the dish. Wash thoroughly and boil till tender, but not sufficiently to run any risk of breaking. Arrange them so as to look like one large cauliflower, and sprinkle over thickly grated Parmesan cheese. Make a sauce of 1 oz. of butter, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, the yolks of two eggs beaten to a cream, and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan. Mix well together, and stir over the fire, then pour over and around the cauliflower.

Novel Dessert Dish

Roast three dozen large chestnuts, peel them, and put them into a stewpan; add 4 oz. of castor sugar and half a gill of water; cook slowly till the nuts absorb the sugar, then pile them up on a glass dish, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon, and dust rather thickly with castor sugar.

Anchovy and Tomato Toast (a Savoury)

Bone some anchovies and pass them through, mix well with some Mayonnato (tomato mayonnaise), sprinkle lightly with cayenne pepper, and spread thickly on fried rounds of bread. Serve very hot.

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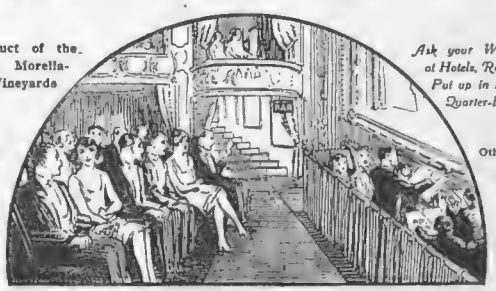

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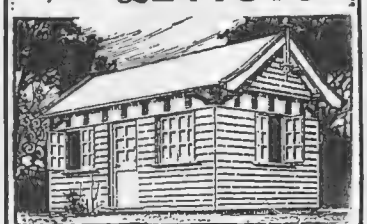

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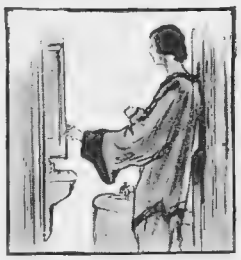
This NEW way solves, exquisitely, woman's oldest hygienic problem—and provides security, poise and immaculacy impossible under old conditions . . . by providing three unique features unknown before!

Easy Disposal

and 3 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal. Kotex also thoroughly deodorizes.

② Utter protection and Non-Detectable—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton-wool. Scientifically designed to be Form-Fitting, Kotex is **imperceptible** even when worn under closest-fitting frocks or gowns.

③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many shops keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the assistant, that is all.

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

By HILDA V. ADAMS, *Registered Nurse*

A BRIDGE, a dinner, a dance . . . a filmy frock to be worn . . . a motor trip that will last for hours!—these no longer come as problems.

Under old conditions, the average woman spent almost one-sixth of her time in self-consciousness . . . too many of her activities were ill-timed. Now she lives every precious day, unhandicapped.

Modern science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way that contrasts the uncertainty of old methods with a security that is absolute.

Women have changed their hygienic habits. Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life employ this new way.

These new factors assure immaculacy, every hour of the day

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton-wool pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . *and laundry.*

It is de*o*dorized . . . and thus supplies a feeling of security that old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at all good chemists, drapers, and departmental stores—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for them by name, and without hesitancy, simply by saying—Kotex.

Test Kotex, please

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your life, in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and health.

60% of many ills, common to women, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Hygienic authorities charge almost 80% of the lack of charm, poise and immaculacy, expected of women in this modern day, to the same mistake in hygiene.

Thus on every count, millions are turning to this new way.

Obtain Kotex to-day at any chemist's, draper's or stores. In many of them you'll find it ready-wrapped on a display table, and ready to take out without even having to ask for it.

"Ask for them by name"

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PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

PRICE 2/6

Made in Canada

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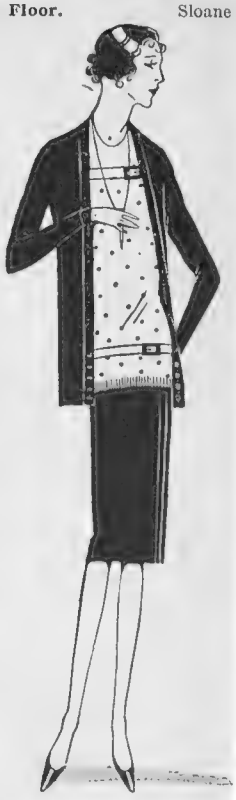

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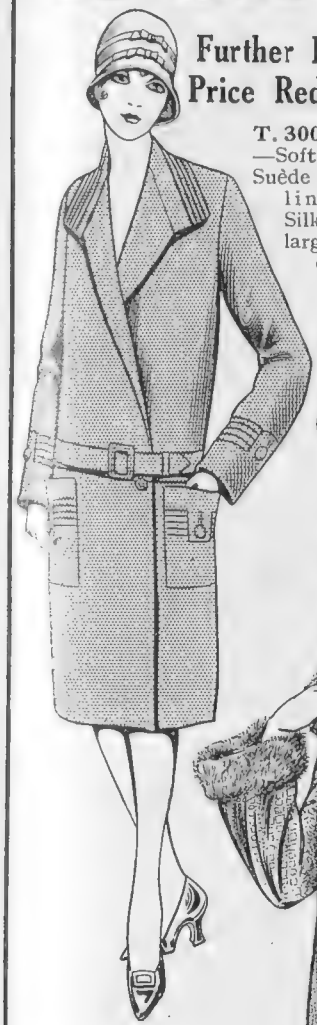

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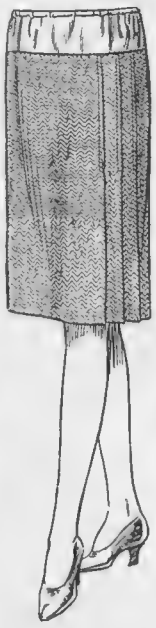

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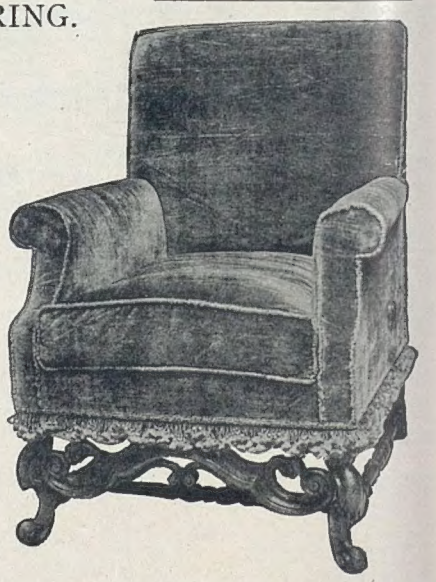

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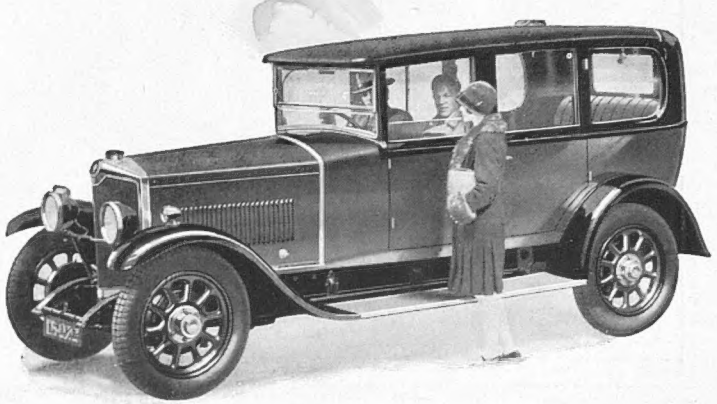
Ask also for details of the Super Six Fabric Saloon, £795



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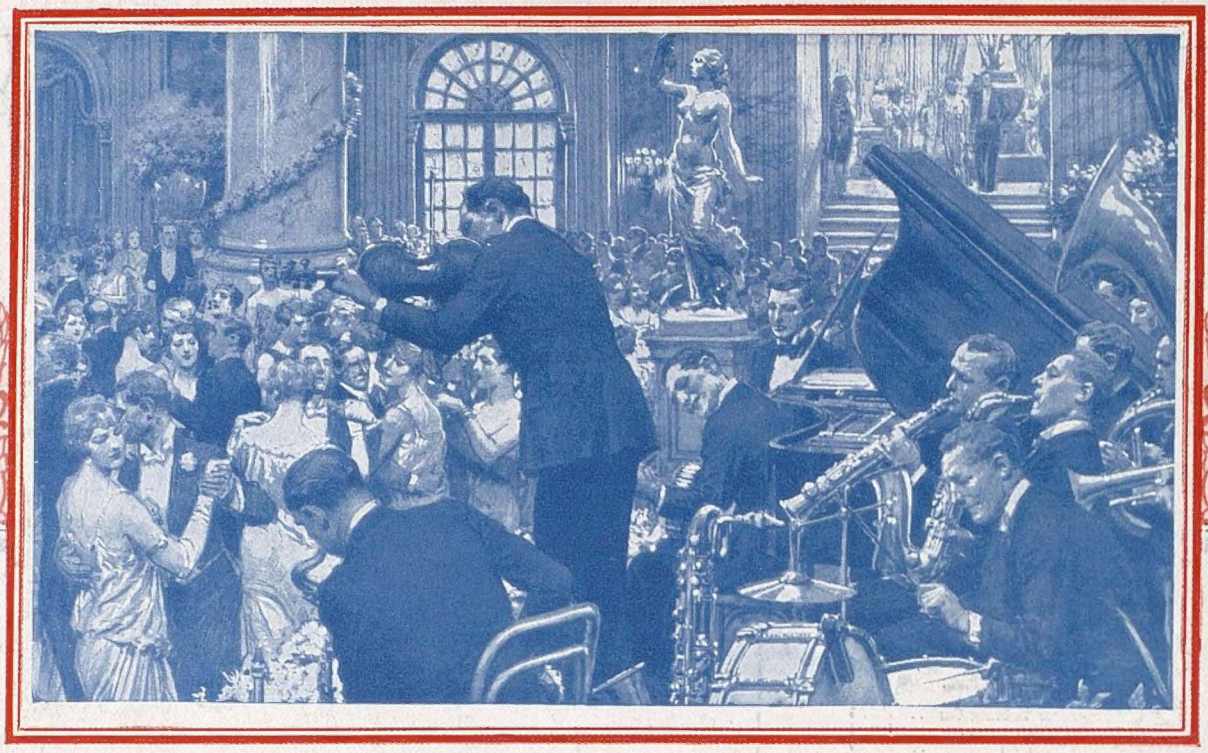

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